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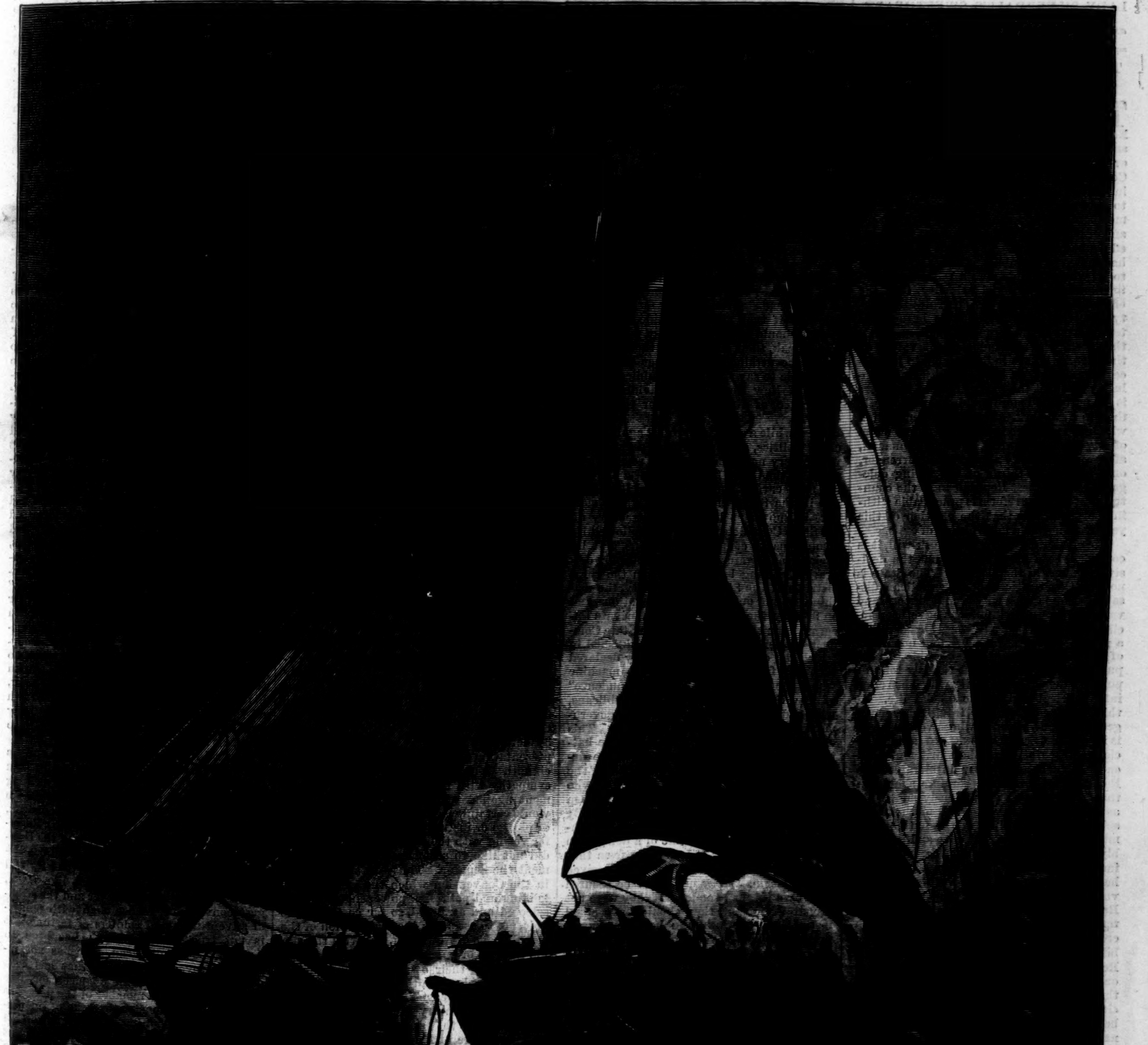

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 291.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 8, 1876.

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THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE moral victory won by the minority in the late Republican Convention of New York has results much more inspiring and important than the defeat of a pledged or instructed delegation to the National Convention. The New York delegation will, indeed, go to that Convention perfectly free to vote according to the convictions of its members, but the cause of the party itself and of honest popular government has gained a great triumph. The result at Syracuse has shown to Republicans every where, and to all who would deplore a Democratic restoration as a national calamity, that the office-holding interest, which rules the party by "the machine," can be brought to terms even in its strongest hold, and that the intelligent and independent voters of the party, who are indispensable to its success, have but to assert themselves resolutely to affect the party action. Nowhere is the party drill more absolute and despotic than in New York. Yet if, in a Convention which the machine interest spared no effort of any kind to control, it could command, after an apparently almost total surrender, only about two-thirds of the voting delegates, every honest Republican in the country must see that reform is practicable within the party, and that the election of this year need not be a mere choice of evils.

The electoral vote of New York will, it is conceded, be a most vital, if not the decisive, element in the election. The State is now in Democratic hands, Republican dissatisfaction is wide-spread and sincere, and vast numbers of Republicans have been inclined to think that a "reform Democrat"—a phrase expressing a hope, and not a fact of experience—would be preferable to a Republican who represented the low tone of political honor and morality which has crept into political and public official life. To this independent, manly, intelligent, courageous element, without whose votes success is impossible, Senator Conkling is the especial representative of the spirit and tendencies which are simply intolerable. If Republican New York, therefore, should enthusiastically and unanimously adopt him as the type of the views and methods and spirit which it desired in the national Administration, it would at once and irrevocably defy and alienate a large, influential, indispensable class of voters, who would not hesitate to refrain from voting, or would vote for his Democratic opponent. Such Republicans would quietly reply to the bitter taunt that they had brought the Southern Democracy into power, that the responsibility must rest not with them, but with the Republicans who insisted upon nominating one of the two or three candidates whom they knew to be most distasteful, upon conclusive grounds, to an immense body of the best Republicans. To deny them indignantly the name of Republican would not in the least trouble them, for they would reply that they were Republicans not for the sake of the party, but of the country; and that while they would yield all things indifferent to secure harmony, they could not and would not yield their convictions upon points vital and essential.

In this political situation in the State, the advocates of the Senator's nomination, who are in complete possession of the party machinery, which gives them immense advantages, called the Convention on the 22d of March—about three months before the meeting of the National Convention. They felt sure of an absolute control of the Convention, and they had determined upon an inexorable policy. Their object was not to assemble a body which should represent the real Republican sentiment of the State, but one which should do what they desired, and send a pledged delegation to Cincinnati for their candidate. Their original scheme, when they thought they should be able to do just as they might choose, without protest or opposition, was, like the policy of the Senator himself, "thorough." It is, of course, always easy to deny an intention when it has not been carried out, but in such cases the essential probabilities must determine. The plan was to send a delegation pledged as a unit to sustain Mr. Conkling. To secure this result, even a project was entertained for a committee of the Convention to name the district delegates; and it was openly avowed by some of the managers that if such a plan were not adopted, the name of any district delegate who was obnoxious as not favoring the nomination of the Senator should be thrown out by the Convention. Meanwhile, in the districts under the immediate shadow of the custom-house in and around the city of New York, the most determined and well-organized efforts were made, not to secure an unbiased expression of the party sentiment at the primaries, but solely to defeat delegates who were not in the machine and Senatorial interest. This plan was carried out from point to point; from the primaries to the county conventions, and from them to the district delegations at Syracuse. Extraordinary offers were made to persons who had been most obnoxious in 1872, as Greeley Republicans, if they would compass the defeat of certain district delegates, not because they were unsound Republicans or untrustworthy men, but solely because they did not think the nomination of Mr. Conkling a desirable nomination for the party, nor one likely to recover the State of New York from Democratic control. It was all in pursuance of the plan. The State Convention theoretically represents the sentiment of the party. If, therefore, the managers, by hook or by crook, could contrive that it should be substantially a unit for Mr. Conkling, or if they could so guide its action that it should *seem* to be a unit, which was, so to speak, their second line, their purpose would be attained. The great point was to be able to say that the Republican sentiment of New York was undivided in its preference of the Senator for the Presidency.

Meanwhile a startling protest against machine politics, and in favor of a candidate whose very name should mean reform, was made by the Union League Club—a body of the most earnest and substantial Republicans in the State, the value of whose support is known at least in the treasury of the State Committee. This was followed by resolutions in county conventions, and by declarations against a pledged national delegation, coming bravely up from the rural districts of the State. In the city, the machine ground out the usual delegations, and on Sunday, the 19th of March, a private telegram from the chairman of the State Committee to Senator Conkling was published, in which the chairman unfortunately declared that the familiar grist from the machine was a conclusive reply to the "impudence" of the Union League Club Republicans, who had merely declared for pure government and for a reforming President. This chance shot before the opening of the battle had no other fatal effect than the destruction of a candidate for Governor of the State. But it also aroused that host who can not be called machine Republicans. On Monday the managers were alarmed. By Tuesday evening they had begun to abandon their first advanced line of a delegation pledged as a unit. It was plain from that moment to the end that they misconceived the situation. Harmony could be secured only by a total surrender. If they were not prepared for that, they should have stood fast. Had Mr. Conkling been personally present, or had the voice of his especial lieutenants been heeded, the policy would still have been "thorough." By Tuesday evening the phrase of the resolution was changed to "request." But the general object was the same. When the Convention assembled, the preliminary debate attained its object, for the majority promised to allow freedom of debate. They said that they had not thought of infringing it. But the minority rightfully insisted upon a pledge that a power which the majority might abuse should not be abused. The debate was in perfect good temper, and the minority certainly were not dissatisfied with the result.

When the afternoon session began, it was whispered that the important resolution had been so modified that it would be factious and unreasonable to oppose it. A State Senator, supposed not to be very friendly to Mr. Conkling's nomination, said that to object to the form that the resolution had taken would be ridiculous, and a late officer of customs, a devoted adherent of the Senator, remarked that any man who opposed it would be laughed out of the Convention. The admirable preliminary declarations of the platform rang out finely in the clear voice of the chairman of the committee, and were sincerely applauded. Had the fifth resolution stopped with the compliment to the Republican Senator of New York—a compliment coming with perfect propriety from a Republican Convention of the State—many delegates might inwardly have criticised the terms, but there would have been no voice of dissent. But the conclusion of the resolution, presenting his name as a candidate, vitiated the whole, for the reason that we will mention. The managers had, indeed, stricken out the word "request." They had pared the intended inflexible and haughty resolution down to the finest point, but under that point lurked the mischief. As in the fairy story, the elephant had dwindled to the mouse, but the magician was in the mouse as much as in the elephant. The purpose of the Senator's friends, it must be remembered, was to make it appear to the Republican party of the country that Mr. Conkling had the practically undivided support of the party in New York, and the proof was to be that in the State Convention there was no protest whatever against the presentation of his name as a candidate to the National Convention. Therefore, if the minority had acquiesced, they would morally have betrayed that great mass of stanch and tried Republicans in the State who earnestly deny that he is a desirable or winning candidate.

We ask Republicans who hold this view and who were delegates in the Convention, and who, in compliment to the Senator, voted for the resolution, whether they think that the Republican party in this State and in the country would have been in so hopeful and joyful a frame as it is to-day, and whether the Cincinnati Convention would have been so likely to nominate a candidate who can be enthusiastically supported every where, and who can recover the State of New York, if the minority, by their silence, had assented to the declaration of Mr. Conkling's friends that he is the sole choice of the united Republicans of New York? That would have been said, and could not have been gainsaid, had the minority acquiesced without protest in the resolution. And it was to prevent the catastrophe to the party of a unanimous declaration to the country that Mr. Conkling is the representative of the views and influences and tone and spirit which New York Republicans desire to perpetuate in administration, that the protest was made. The deliberate imputation of Mr. Lapham, a Representative in Congress, who had come directly from Washington, probably not without the knowledge of the Senator, that the protest was due to personal motives, was unworthy of himself and of the gentleman whose claims he earnestly advocated. Except for unwillingness to degrade the discussion of a point transcending persons to a mere personal debate, Mr. Lapham would have been challenged upon the spot, the moment the words fell from his lips, to explain the insinuation.

The debate was earnest, but, with the exception we have mentioned, it was friendly and good-humored. It had but one object, and that was perfectly achieved. Let the figures speak. There were 432 votes in the Convention. Of these, 250 only, being just 33 more than a majority, voted for the mere presentation of Mr. Conkling's name at Cincinnati. Many of these 250 were heartily in sympathy with the purport of the amendment against which they voted, and they would certainly have voted against any kind of pledge or instruction. Their sole reason for voting with the majority was that they did not like to seem unwilling to compliment the Senator. Thus—to summarize—in the Convention which the whole office-holding and politician power had carefully selected and arranged, so far as they were able, not to ascertain the real opinion of the Republicans of New York, but with the single purpose of imposing upon the party and the country their own views and preferences, not only were they driven from their intention of a pledged delegation back to a mere complimentary presentation of their candidate, but they secured even this result only by a vote of 250 in a total of 432 delegates, who did not, indeed, all vote, but who had all answered to the roll-call not long before, while the silence of those who refrained from voting was most expressive.

The Syracuse Convention has shown that Senator Conkling has a well-organized following in the State of New York as a Presidential candidate. But it has shown still more distinctly that that following is so fully aware that he is by no means the undivided preference of his fellow-Republicans even in his own State that it did not venture to instruct, or pledge, or request the national delegation to do any thing whatever. Yet the fact of the difference of opinion could not have appeared had the minority acquiesced in the resolution even as finally modified by the Senator's supporters.

MR. DANA AS MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

The news of the nomination of Richard H. Dana, Jun., as minister to England was a kind of moral refreshment. It must have been a source of the purest gratification to him that his designation for one of the highest honors that any American citizen could receive was gratefully accepted by his own country and by that to which he was accredited, as an evidence of the return of the Administration to the best traditions of the government and to that policy which all patriotic and intelligent Americans approve. It was an illustration of the sense of honor and fitness which the Administration has sometimes shown, and which, had it been its constant spirit, would have maintained Republican ascendency beyond question or cavil. Mr. Dana is a gentleman of the highest character and courtesy and accomplishment; a lawyer of great learning and sagacity; a statesman thoroughly versed in the law and history of nations; an author who has written a book familiar to the English-speaking races for a generation as full of the simple charm of *Robinson Crusoe;* an orator of wit, eloquence, and power; and a conservative American who, in the darkest hour of the supremacy of the slave-driving Democracy, stood fast for justice, humanity, and freedom by the side of Charles Sumner and of Charles Francis Adams. "Corruption wins not more than honesty." In this moment of national humiliation, the President must needs ask himself whether it had not been better for his own renown, for the welfare of his party, and for the national glory if he had always preferred men like Mr. Dana, men of conceded high character and recognized ability, to the long list of dishonored retainers who have disgraced his Administration and endangered the Republican party.

The feeling of happy surprise and relief with which the nomination of Mr. Dana was received, and the consciousness that the Administration and even the party were in extreme peril because of its negligence of such supporters, was suddenly changed to amazement that the Republican Committee upon Foreign Affairs, after an *ex-parte* hearing of William Beach Lawrence and Benjamin F. Butler, two of Mr. Dana's well-known personal enemies, and without any intimation or request to him that he should appear and explain, had asked the President to withdraw the nomination. The President very properly declined. Mr. Dana very properly refused to submit a question involving his honor to a committee that had insulted him, and it seems to be understood that the Republican Senate, which rejected Rockwood Hoar and confirmed Billings, will now also reject Mr. Dana because General Butler and Mr. William Beach Lawrence assert that he is a literary "pirate." The whole offense of Mr. Dana, as a writer in the *Times* well points out, was a certain carelessness which permitted some technical infringements of Mr. Lawrence's copyright. Moral offense there is none, and no other evidence of the fact is necessary than that among men of the highest character, his natural and daily associates, the truth of the matter has been always perfectly well known, and has not affected in the slightest degree his honorable standing.

General Butler's hostility to him springs from Mr. Dana's candidacy against Butler for Congress a few years since. In striking at Dana now, Butler aims a blow at the intelligence of the party in his own district, which refused longer to endure such a Representative. He asks the Senate of the United States to rebuke the Republican constituency which showed in 1874 that its real sympathy is with Republicans like Dana, men of the highest character and the strongest convictions, rather than with political adventurers and soldiers of fortune. It is not true that Mr. Dana has been an "unreliable" Republican. He has not, indeed, approved every thing that has been done under Republican auspices, for, like every high-minded member of the party, he is a Republican not for the sake of the party, but of the country, and he knows that if the better sentiment of a party has not the courage of its convictions, and is too timid to speak out, the base and corrupt element will control its action and presently destroy its power. The Republican defeat in Massachusetts in 1874 was mainly due to Republican disgust with Butlerism. Last year, when Governor Rice, a perfectly unexceptionable candidate, was nominated, Mr. Dana presided at the ratification meeting in Faneuil Hall, and his support was very influential with those better Republicans whose votes were indispensable. Yet even in Massachusetts the Republican majority of about 70,000 in 1872 declined to about 5000 in 1875, and this result was in very great part due to the distrust and disturbance that have been produced by Butlerism.

It will be a very serious calamity to the party if the Republican Senate of the United States exposes a Republican like Mr. Dana to the obloquy of a rejection or a withdrawal because of his manly political independence of such a Republican as General Butler. If the Butler type of Republicanism is preferred by the Senate, patriotic and intelligent Americans will have new reasons for astonishment and confusion, and deplore the inability of Senators to perceive that the real hold of the party upon the country is not "discipline" and "drill," but the popular conviction that it is the party of intelligence and of principle. If the Senate means to make the condition of party standing the faithful support of all such measures as Butlerism may propose and such men as Butlerism may nominate, it will find that it has sacrificed the party to a demagogue.

THE CONNECTICUT CAMPAIGN.

The candidates nominated by the Republicans of Connecticut are the proof of the sincerity of their excellent platform of principles. The election of such men would show not only that the Republicans were resolved to reform "within the party," but that the State believed the sincerity of the resolution. It should be an inspiration to our friends there to know that their success would be a terrible blow at the demoralization which in many ways and in various directions has crept into the party, so that it has found itself confronted with the most shameful responsibilities. Success in Connecticut would be a timely and encouraging response to the Republicans in every State who are resisting evil tendencies in the party, and who are trying to make it what the conscience and intelligence of the great mass of Republicans every where demand that it shall be. This can not be done by platforms and resolutions, as the Connecticut Convention wisely understood. In the existing situation there is one thing only which will be a useful platform, and that is the character of the candidate. Such is the example of Connecticut, and it is a lesson which the National Convention should heed. The question is not one of personal and State preferences, but it is who among all candidates named represents that purity, as well as ability of administration, which the mass of the party really demand—although, for reasons that we have heretofore stated, they can not always have their way—and which can alone arouse the enthusiasm of the young and fresh members.

The Connecticut declarations are plain and emphatic upon commanding interests of the time. The friend of unsectarian common schools, of hard money, of the vigorous correction of abuses, and of the unwritten law which forbids a third term knows that in supporting Mr. Robinson and his associates he is doing something to promote a true policy upon every one of those questions. The campaign is prosecuted with vigor and the most sanguine expectation by the Republican committee, and although the State is always close, the prospect is most encouraging. The shrewd Connecticut voter, who is disposed to find some fault if he sees that a Republican Secretary of War was bribed, sees also that while a Democratic committee aided his escape by suffering the necessary witness to leave the country, the Republican Administration brought him back to secure punishment of the guilty. And in the midst of the exposure that voter also sees a conspicuous Democratic candidate for the Presidency enriching himself at the expense of a railroad of which he was president and of a family of which he was trustee. The voter can see nothing in all this which certifies the existence of a higher tone or the probability of purer action upon the part of those who exclaim at Republican rascality. He will reason as he reasoned in New Hampshire, and Connecticut will doubtless do what New Hampshire did.

HOME INSULTS TO AMERICAN MINISTERS.

The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury recently announced that Mr. Jay, late minister to Austria, is not indebted to the government for $26,498, as heretofore reported against him. "This charge of a balance against him has been entirely removed." Is it quite impossible for the Treasury to have a system of book-keeping which does not make the most blameless of returning ministers seem to be swindlers? It is scarcely a month since Mr. Bancroft was published to the country as in default to a large amount to the government, when the fact was that his accounts had been fully balanced and settled more than a year before. Mr. Bancroft, with the natural indignation of a gentleman who has been most unwarrantably aspersed, instantly wrote to demand an explanation. But no explanation can atone for the mischief of a public and wide-spread charge of irregularity in such accounts. And the offense of publication is so gross that if it really represents what appears upon the books of the Treasury, the system by which they are kept is shameful. In the case of Mr. Jay the statement is somewhat similar to that in regard to Mr. Bancroft, that the charge of a balance against him has been removed. But doubtless in this instance, as in that of Mr. Bancroft, the balance against him never existed. It is therefore an untruth to say that it has been removed. Men who have honorably discharged honorable trusts should not be insulted and wronged by the carelessness of department clerks or the stupidity of government book-keeping.

Every honest man who has dealings with the government is entitled, if there be any publication of accounts in which he is concerned, whether made regularly by the government or in obedience to a request of Congress or other authorized body—every honest man is entitled to a plain and simple statement of the exact fact. It is a wrong to expose his name by any merely technical or routine form of account. It should be so published that it can be immediately and generally and easily understood. If, for instance, a list of collectors who seem to be in debt to the Treasury is published, it should be explained that the appearance is due to the fact that the money has not yet been "covered in," or actually deposited in the Treasury, and that the reason is that the regular time of paying it in has not arrived. Such details of explanation may be troublesome, but the government should take trouble rather than suffer honest men to be suspected or traduced. If the fault in such instances as those of Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Jay lies in official negligence or dullness, it should be remedied, upon the plain presentation of the facts, by the removal of the negligent officers. Certainly the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury should not again be obliged to publish that an honorable servant of the country does not owe several thousand dollars to the government, as had been officially announced, without peremptory dealing with the offender who is responsible for the gross and injurious inaccuracy.

A MORAL FROM THE GRANITE STATE.

The result of the late New Hampshire election was very surprising to many persons, because they thought that the Belknap disgrace would be at once revenged by Republican defeat. But, as we remarked in a recent article, the American people are very practical. The frying-pan may be very hot, but they will not therefore jump into the fire. Their first and reasonable inquiry is, Can't we cool the frying-pan? The people of New Hampshire naturally could not see that a gentleman who was only noted for his violent Copperhead and rebel sympathies during the war would necessarily make a better Governor than one whom they had proved and approved. To say that to elect the Democrat would injure the party that was responsible for Belknap was only to invite the reply that, judged by individuals, the party of Belknap was as promising as the party of Pendleton. It is not, indeed, a lofty argument that a horse lame in both fore-feet is as good as one lame in both hind-feet. But there is certainly no reason to abandon the one for the other. And that was very much the situation of New Hampshire. "Granting that reform is indispensable," said that sagacious State, "is it more to be expected from those who were disloyal than from those who were loyal, or from the party of Pendleton, to which Mr. Tilden belongs, than from that of Belknap, to which Mr. Bristow belongs?"

Moreover, New Hampshire saw, with the rest of the world, that the Republican party has in many directions within the last two years, and despite the lamentable disclosures of the last few months, shown a spirit from which much may be expected. While its Secretary of the Treasury has been steadily and successfully punishing both Republican and Democratic thieves, and the better sentiment of the party has prevented his removal from the cabinet, the Democratic party, responsible in the House, has shown a total want of ability, resource, and courageous patriotism, and has interrupted its blind mousing for party advantage only long enough to defend the crimes of Andersonville and show its sympathy for rag money. Why should any sensible State or person, however dissatisfied with the existing situation or sincerely desirous of reform, suppose that it was to be expected from the Democratic party? Even in exposing the crime of the Secretary of War, it was so intent upon the mere exposure itself, as injurious to the Republican party, that it wholly neglected to provide for the punishment of the offender, which was the point in which the whole country is interested. So with the financial question. Great efforts have been made by loud vociferation to persuade the public that hard money is what is humorously called a Democratic "principle." But the hard-money Democracy on "principle" propose to repeal the act providing for resumption of specie payment as a compromise with soft-money Democrats—a compromise which can not hold.

If the Democratic party had shown from the autumn of 1874, when it made great gains every where, that it was really a party of intelligence, patriotism, courage, sagacity, and reform; if it had elected Senators and other officers whose character and careers were the evidence of those qualities and such a purpose; if it had boldly and ably and unitedly grappled with the great questions before the country, and appealed, by its policy and its measures and spirit, to the approval of the people, showing that it had broken utterly with its Copperhead and reactionary and demagogical traditions—New Hampshire would not, in the very hour of the Belknap exposure and of the whiskey trials, have largely increased its Republican majority. That the Democratic party has not done this is because it could not. The composition, the traditions, the inevitable tendencies, of the party can not be changed by the wishes of a few Democrats. New Hampshire, with the whole country, wishes reform, but it believes that real progress is more probable under Republican than under Democratic ascendency, and it has voted accordingly.

But it is a contemptible ground upon which to ask the support of the country, that the Democrats are as bad as we are, or that there is no hope of reform with them, and therefore that the Republicans must be taken as a *pis aller*. A few months since there seemed to be a chance that the Democrats might recover power. But to-day the situation is such that, with a candidate who should represent not only the Republican traditions of loyalty to freedom and the Union, but a Republican resolution of rigorously honest administration, the Republicans would carry the country by an enormous majority. The only thing that makes this result in the least uncertain is the doubt whether the party will be wise enough by its nomination at Cincinnati to rally with enthusiasm to its support the great mass of what, under an old classification, may be called "loyal" voters. The result in New Hampshire may be interpreted as a condonation of all offenses, and as a virtual declaration that, whatever may occur, and whatever nominations may be made, the party organization is still powerful enough to carry all before it. But this would be to mistake fatally the real feeling of the class upon which the "regular" Republican action depends for success. The resolutions of the New York Union League Club breathe a fidelity to Republican principles with an independence of "packed" agencies which is the spirit of thousands and thousands of intelligent voters.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Forney had a fine official reception on the 14th of March, when, by a joint resolution of invitation of the Pennsylvania Senate and House of Representatives, he addressed those bodies and a large number of invited guests in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The meeting was presided over by Lieutenant-Governor Latta, assisted by Speakers Davis and Patterson. It was the second time Colonel Forney had been invited to address the Pennsylvania Legislature, the first occasion having been twenty years ago. Colonel F. was received with applause, and entered upon his theme. He alluded to the early trials of the projectors of the Centennial, the embarrassments which followed the financial panic of 1873, and the obstacles which at first seemed to be attendant upon any foreign assistance and support. These obstacles were fully overcome by means which were narrated at length. The favor with which the project was ultimately received in Italy, Germany, and other countries was noticed. The end of the address was marked by an eloquent tribute to the American managers of the enterprise for their fidelity and zeal, and by much applause.

—Mr. David Neale, an American artist residing in Munich, has been awarded the great silver medal of the Munich Royal Academy for his painting entitled "Maria Stuart." Mr. Neale, who has also been elected a member of the Academy, is the first American on whom the medal has been conferred. His picture is now on exhibition in Berlin, where it is very highly spoken of by competent critics. From Berlin it will be sent to London for exhibition, and thence to America.

—General Custer, with that perfect simplicity which always characterizes the cavalry-man, says that he graduated last in a class of thirty-four at West Point, and in a four years' course put in sixty-six Saturdays of extra guard duty for infringing the regulations. And yet he was not happy.

—The idea that Mr. Disraeli has lost most of his physical vigor is pleasantly dispelled by the following incident that occurred recently in the House of Commons: As the discussion on the army proceeded, the House gradually melted away, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Hardy and a few other ministers and a gallant band of old soldiers nobly holding out. At length the Premier, tired, rose to leave, and then a most amusing incident occurred. He turned to escape behind the Speaker's chair, but, lo! the way was blocked by the outstretched legs of several sweetly sleeping cabinet ministers. Turning, the Premier ascended the gangway, until he reached the topmost bench, which was in the sole possession of an honorable gentleman who represents a northern Irish county. Mr. Disraeli advanced in the gloom until he reached the figure on the bench. But although the Premier advanced as one who should say, "By your leave, please," no movement whatever was made for the Premier to pass. The honorable gentleman was also fast asleep. Mr. Disraeli's dilemma was now observed on all sides; but what was the astonishment caused when the honorable members observed the Premier plant his hand on the back of the seat, and lightly spring over the bench, and escape from the House? It is needless, after this incident, for newsmongers to circulate reports of the Premier's failing health.

—Hon. Lyman K. Bass, M. C. from Buffalo, and one of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, is spoken of as having "one of those youthful-aged, smooth, sharp faces seen oftenest among church men. He is a very graceful and yet powerful speaker."

—Mr. Hesketh, an English yachtsman, has just returned from a voyage of 29,000 miles in his yacht *Goshawk*, a top-sail schooner. He visited the East Indies and Australia, and has been absent over two years.

—The Mikado of Japan is certainly a good man. By a recent decree he gives complete freedom of postage to journalists, each of whom is now allowed to send whatever communication he may think fit from one part of the empire to another free of expense.

—Colonel J. E. Peyton has started a movement to assemble in Independence Hall, on the Centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the lineal descendants of the signers of the Declaration. As the Fourth of July, 1876, approaches, public interest in it increases. History will then repeat that a great trust given to a people has been faithfully guarded and maintained. The lineage of the signers within the hall will fitly recall the ancestry there, and fitly represent the people as they declare anew, "Independence now and independence forever."

—The death is announced, at Dresden, of the voluminous writer, Gustav Nieritz, whose "Tales for the Young" fill more than one hundred volumes, and whose *Volkskalender* numbers twenty-six annual parts. This most successful of all German writers for children made his *début* as an author as early as 1829, and since that period, till 1872, when he resigned the directorship of a district school, which he had long held, and accepted a retiring pension, nominally of "extraordinary" amount, but really not equal to £35 annually, he continued to pour forth an incessant stream of child-literature of a very varied and attractive kind.

—The Hon. Martin I. Townsend, M. C. from Albany, keeps up his little waggeries at the capital. One of the men of "Newspaper Row" gave notice that special dispatches of the result in New Hampshire would be received at his office. Among those who went to learn the outcome of the contest was the Hon. Townsend, who observed, "A Republican victory! why, is that all the Democrats could do, when we've been feeding them on raw meat for three months?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York Republican State Convention met at Syracuse on the 22d ult., Mr. George Dawson, of Albany, presiding. Two of the resolutions in the platform were as follows:

"*Fifth.* As a statesman and a patriot of the highest ability and character, whose long and distinguished public career is without reproach, who has faithfully served the cause of freedom and the Union through the great struggle of the past fifteen years, who has been steadfast to equal rights and financial honesty, and the unflinching exponent of Republican principles, and who possesses the experience, capacity, courage, and firmness which qualify him to give strength and honor to the government, we present Roscoe Conkling to the National Republican Convention as our choice for the nomination for President.

"*Sixth.* As the delegated representatives of the half million Republican voters of New York, we send cordial greeting to our patriotic brethren throughout the land, and, equally earnest with them for the success of our common cause, and pledging ourselves to the faithful support of the Cincinnati nominations, we give especial assurance that the nomination of our candidate will secure beyond question the thirty-five electoral votes of New York for the Republican ticket."

Mr. George William Curtis moved as a substitute the following:

"*Resolved,* That while we would rejoice with pride should the candidate for the Presidency in the election of this year be selected from among the Republicans of national reputation in the State of New York whom New York most highly honors, yet, recognizing that the nomination should be the result of the untrammeled deliberation of the National Convention, we are willing to leave the selection of the candidate to the patriotic wisdom of that body, in full confidence that it will present the name of some tried and true Republican whose character and career are the pledge of a pure, economical, and vigorous administration of the government."

The substitute was rejected, 118 voting for it and 250 against it. The original resolutions were then adopted.

Very little was done in Congress during the week. On the 21st ult. the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs reported adversely on the nomination of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun., as minister to England.—The House, on the 22d, passed a bill prohibiting the levying of assessments among government officials for political purposes, including Congressmen.—The Senate, on the 24th ult., by a vote of 32 to 26, passed the bill changing the law regulating the counting of the electoral vote by the Senate and House in joint session.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Lancaster on the 22d ult. Among the resolutions adopted was one declaring against the resumption of specie payments in 1879. An effort was made to present the name of Hon. J. S. Black for President of the United States, but the resolution was laid over.

The Rhode Island Republican State Convention was held on the 23d ult. The present State officers were renominated.

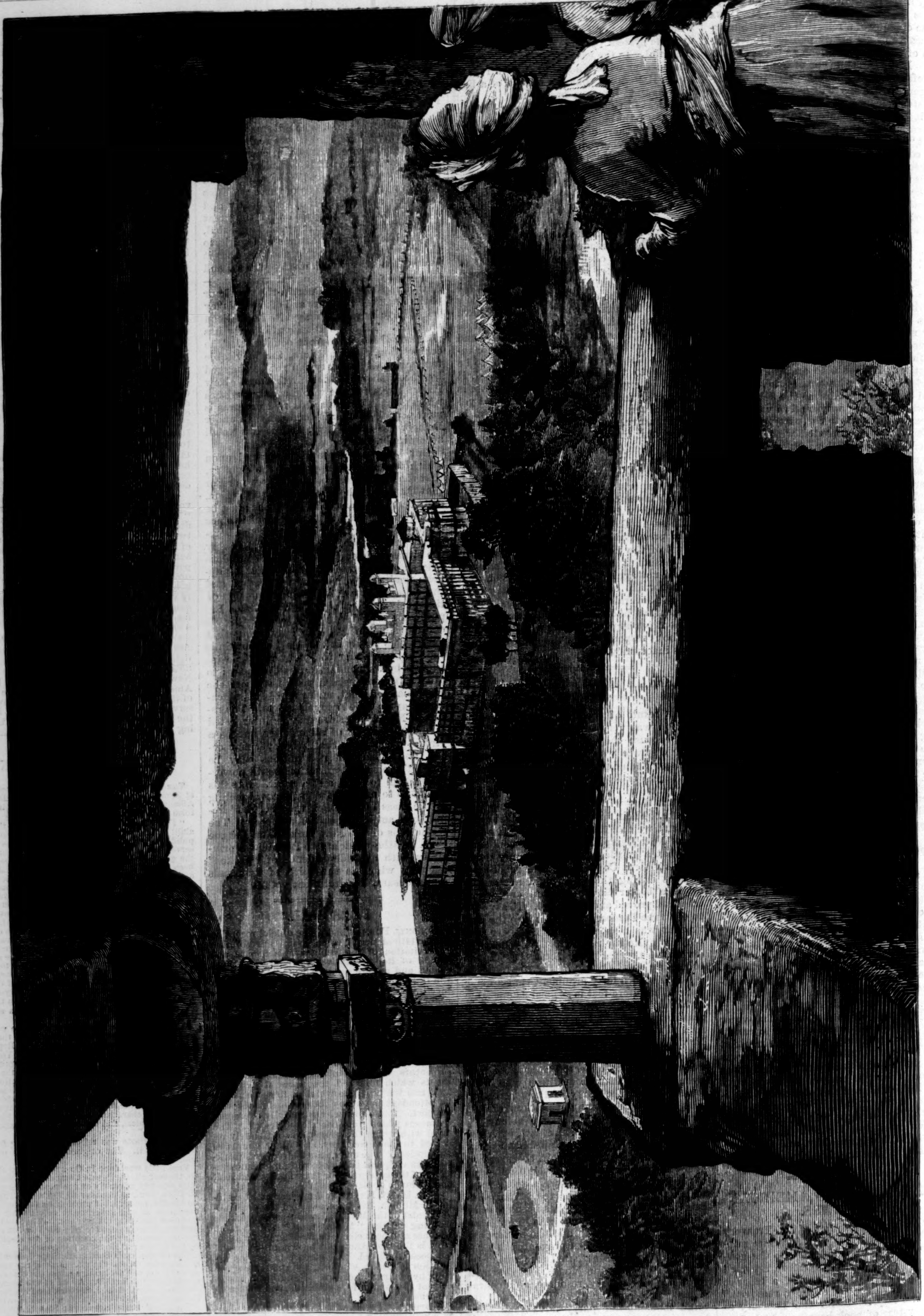
FOREIGN NEWS.

King Alfonso and his victorious troops entered Madrid on the 20th ult., amidst the enthusiastic cheering of immense crowds, and shouts of "Long live the Pacificator King!"

The Royal Titles Bill passed its third reading in the British House of Commons on the 23d ult.

A dispatch from Mexico, on the 21st ult., reports a battle at Oaxaca, in which the government forces were defeated, with the loss of 1500 men and all their artillery and wagons.

The Vatican protests against the article in the Spanish Constitution sanctioning religious toleration, on the ground that it violates the right of Catholicism and annuls the Concordat.



THE PHUL-BAGH, OR FLOWER-GARDEN PALACE, GWALIOR, INDIA.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN PALACE.

The ancient fortress of Gwalior, in India, a section of which is shown in the foreground of the engraving on this page, resembles to a certain extent that of Gibraltar, though on close inspection they differ materially in strength. Approaching from a distance, the great hill fort appears like a small circular mountain in the midst of an immense plain. The greatest length of the rock upon which it is situated, which is from northeast to southwest, is a mile and a half, and the greatest breadth three hundred yards. The sandstone of the fortress is arranged in horizontal strata, and its face presents so steep a fracture as to form a perpendicular precipice rising above the upper limit of the slope. Where the rock was naturally less precipitous it has been so scarped as to be rendered perpendicular, and in some places the upper part considerably overhangs the lower. The height at the northern end, where it is greatest, is three hundred and forty-two feet. On the eastern face of the rock several colossal figures are sculptured in bold relief. A rampart runs round the edge of the rock, conforming to the outline of the summit; and as its height is uniform above the verge, its top has an irregular appearance. The entrance within the inclosure of the rampart is toward the north end of the east side—first by means of a steep road, and higher up by steps cut in the face of the rock, of such a size and of so moderate a degree of acclivity, that elephants can easily make their way up. This huge staircase is protected on the outer side by a high and massive stone wall, and is swept by several traversing guns pointing down it, the passage up to the interior being through a succession of seven gates. The principal gate is called Hatipul, or the Elephant's Gate, from the figure of that animal sculptured over it. The citadel is at the northeastern extremity of the inclosure, and has a very striking appearance. The outline of the great masses of the antique palace, surmounted by kiosks, is strongly marked against the sky, and adjoining is a series of six lofty round towers or bastions, connected by curtains of great height and thickness. Along the eastern side of these buildings extends horizontally, in the upper part, a course of bricks or tiles of brilliant blue color, like coarse porcelain; and the effect produced by this great vivid streak is singular but not unpleasing.

According to the researches of Wilford, the fortress of Gwalior was built in 773 by Surya Sena, rajah of the small territory lying about the rock. Another writer, however, places the date antecedent to the commencement of the Christian era. During the wars between the inhabitants of India it passed into possession of one monarch after another, until in 1779 it was garrisoned by Madhaji Scindia, from whom it was taken by the forces of the East India Company with little trouble and small loss of life. At midnight, ladders and all other auxiliaries for scaling having been prepared, the English soldiery formed for attack. Two companies of grenadiers and light infantry led the van. They were followed by twenty other Europeans and two battalions of Sepoys. A battalion, two guns, and a small body of cavalry were ordered to march at two o'clock, to cover the retreat in case of premature discovery, or, in the event of success, to prevent the garrison from escaping. At break of day the van arrived at the foot of the scarped rock, the spies ascended by wooden ladders, and, having made fast ladders of ropes, the troops followed. Some resistance was offered, but the garrison was intimidated by the unexpected attack, and the assailants were soon masters of the place. Thus the fort passed into the hands of the British government, who transferred it to the Rana of Gohud. Scindia regained possession in 1784, but was once more overwhelmed by the English, who recaptured the fortress in 1803. They restored it to him, however, in 1805, "from considerations," it was said, "of friendship." But since the battle of Maharajpoor it has been occupied by the Gwalior contingent, commanded by British officers, and thus is virtually within the power of the British government.

Beyond the old fortress is the Phul-bagh. This word is formed from *phul*, which means flower, and *bagh*, garden. This is the name of the new palace built by the reigning Scindia. It was begun some years ago, but the work has recently been hurried in order to be ready for the reception of the Prince of Wales. It lies south of the fort, and our view of it in the engraving is obtained from one of the ruined windows in the old wall. The design of the palace is most graceful. It is in some respects like that of the Tuileries, but on a plan which, in regard for elegance, quiet, and comfort, only Orientals understand, and even they only where lavish expenditure is possible. There is a story that at one time Scindia's accumulation of money led to a remonstrance on the part of the British government, that he was enjoined to spend it on his territory, and that he met the injunction by first stating that he had no object on which money could be expended, and secondly, by giving an order for his palace. Of course the distance of the palace from the fortress is greater than it seems; but Scindia's confidence in the English may be judged from the fact that their batteries are only eight hundred yards from his beautiful building, and that in less than an hour they could lay it in ashes.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

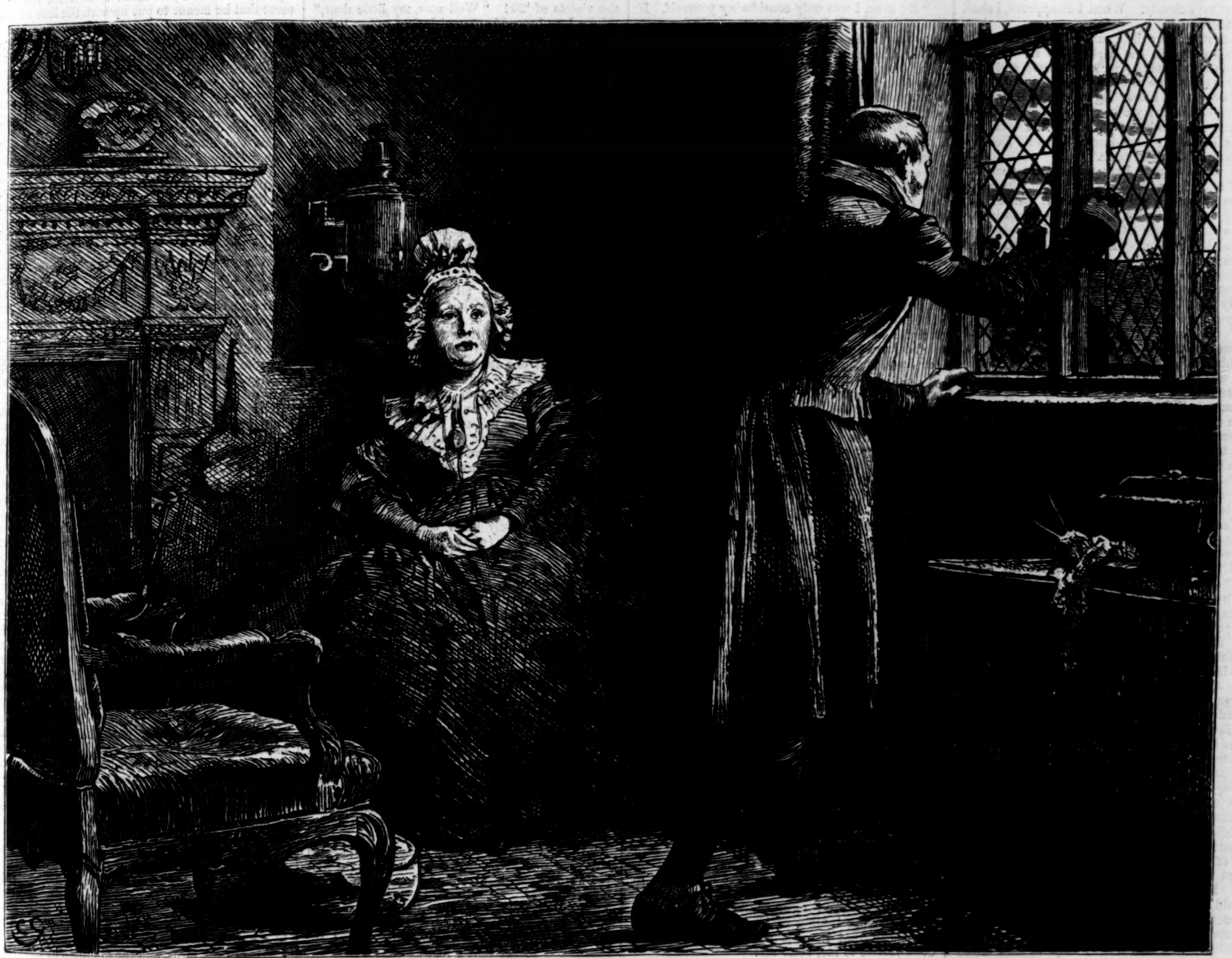
By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KIT.

In the mean while, Mrs. Luke Sharp was growing very anxious about her son, and only child and idol, Christopher. Not that there was any thing at all amiss with his bodily health, so far at least as she could see, but that he seemed so unsettled in his mind, so absent and preoccupied, and careless even of his out-door sports, which at one time were his only care. Of course, at this time of year, there was very little employment for the gun, but there was plenty of fishing to be got, such as it was, round Oxford, and it must be a very bad time of year when there are no rats for little terriers, and badgers for the larger tribe. Yet none of these things now possessed the proper charm for Christopher. Wherever he was he always seemed to be wanting to be somewhere else, and, like a hydrophobic dog, he hated to be looked at; while (after the manner of a cat assisted lately by Lucina) he ran up into his own loft when he thought there was nobody watching.



"HE DREW IN THE OLD LATTICE, AND TURNED THE IRON TONGUE THAT FASTENED IT."

Well arranged as all this might be, and keen, and self-satisfactory, there was something keener, and not very easy to satisfy, looking after it. The love of a mother may fairly be trusted to outwit any such calf love as was making a fool of this unfledged fellow, fresh from the feathers of a private school.

Considering whence he came, and how he had been brought up and pampered, Kit Sharp was a very fine young fellow, and—thanks to his liking for gun and rod—he could scarcely be called a milksop. Still, he was only a boy in mind, and in manner quite unformed and shy; his father (for reasons of his own) having always refused to enter him at any of the colleges. He might perhaps have shaped his raw material by the noblest models if he had been admitted into the society of under-graduates. But the members of the University entertained in those days, and probably still entertain, a just and inevitable contempt for all the non-togati. Kit Sharp had made some fluttering overtures of the flag of friendship toward one or two random under-graduates who had a nice taste for ratting; he had even dined and wined, once or twice, in a not ignoble college; and had been acknowledged to know a meerschaum as well as if he owned a statute-book. But the boy always fancied, perhaps through foolish and shy pride on his part, that these most hospitable and kind young men had their jokes to themselves about him. Perhaps it was so, but in pure good-will. Take him for all in all, and allow for the needs of his situation—which toward the third year grow imperative—and the Oxford under-graduate is as good as any other young gentleman.

But Kit Sharp, being exceedingly proud, and most secretive of his pride, would not long receive, without return, good hospitality. And this alone, without other suspicions, would have set bounds to his dealing with a race profusely hospitable. His dear and good mother would gladly have invited a Cross-Duck-House-ful of under-graduates, and left them to get on as they might, if only thereby her pet son might have sense of salt for salt with them; but Mr. Luke Sharp took a different view. To his mind the junior members of the glorious University were a most disagreeable and unprofitable lot to deal with. He never, of course, condescended to the Vice-Chancellor's court, and he despised all little actions, in that large word's legal sense. He liked a fine old Don, or Head of a House, who had saved a sack of money, or well earned it by vitality. But for any such young fellows, with no expectations, or paulo-post-futura such, Mr. Sharp was now too long established to put a leaf into his dinner table. This being so, and Christopher also of restricted pocket money (so that no dinners at the "Star" or "Mitre" could be contemplated), Master Kit Sharp, in a "town and gown row," must have lent the weight of his quiet, but very considerable, fist to the oppidan faction.

"Kit, now my darling Kit, do tell me," said Mrs. Sharp, for about the fiftieth time, as she sat with her son in the sweet spring twilight at the large western window of Cross Duck House, "what is it that makes you sigh so? You almost break your poor mother's heart. I never did know you sigh, my own one. Now is it for want of a rat, my darling? If rats are a sovereign apiece, you shall have one."

"Rats, mother! Why, I can catch my own without any appeal to 'the Filthy.' Rats are never far away from legal premises like these."

"You should not speak so of your father's house, Kit. And I am sure that no rats ever come up stairs, or out of the window I must jump. But now you are only avoiding the subject. What is it that disturbs your mind, Kit?"

"Once more, mother, I have the greatest objection to being called 'Kit.' It sounds so small, and—and so horribly prosaic. All the dictionaries say that it means either the outfit of a common soldier, or else a diminutive kind of fiddle."

"Christopher, I really beg your pardon. I know how much loftier you are, of course; but I can not get over the habit, Kit. Well, well, then—'My darling.' I hope you are not at all above being my darling, Kit?"

"Mother, you may call me what you like. It can make no difference in my destinies."

"Christopher, you make my blood run cold. My darling, I implore you not to sigh so. Your dear father pays my allowance on Monday. I know what has long been the aspiration of your heart. Kit, you shall have a live badger of your own."

"I hate the very name of rats and badgers. Every thing is so low and nasty. How can you look at that noble sunset, and be full of badgers? Mother, it grieves me to leave you alone; but how can I help it, when you go on so? I shall go for a walk on the Botley Road."

"Take your pipe, Kit, take your pipe; whatever you do, Kit, take your pipe," screamed poor Mrs. Sharp, as he stuck his hat on, as if it were never to come off again. "Oh, Kit, there are such deep black holes, I will fill your pipe for you, if you will only smoke."

"Mother, you never know how to do it. And once more, my name is 'Christopher.'"

The young man threw a light cloak on his shoulder, and set his eyebrows sternly; and his countenance looked very picturesque in the glow of his death's-head meerschaum. It occurred to his mother that she had never seen any thing more noble. As soon as she had heard him bang the door, Mrs. Sharp ran back to the window, whence she could watch all Cross Duck Lane, and she saw him striding along toward the quickest outlet to the country.

"How wonderful it is!" she said to herself, with tears all ready; "only the other day he was quite a little boy, and whipped a top, and cried if a pin ran into him. And now he is, far beyond all dispute, the finest young man in Oxford; he has the highest contempt for all vulgar sports, and he bolts the door of his bedroom. His father calls him thick and soft! Ah, he can not understand his qualities! There is the deepest and purest well-spring of unintelligible poetry in Kit. His great mind is perturbed, and has hurried him into commune with the evening-star. Thank goodness that he has got his pipe!"

Before Mrs. Sharp had turned one page of her truly voluminous thoughts about her son a sharp click awoke the front-door lock, and a steady and well-jointed step made creaks on the old oak staircase. Mrs. Sharp drew back from her meditative vigil, and trimmed her little curls aright.

"Miranda, I have some work to do to-night," said Mr. Sharp, in his quiet, even voice, "and I thought it better to come up and tell you, so that you need not expect me again. Just have the fire in the office lighted. I can work better there than I can up stairs; and I find the evenings damp, although the long cold winter is gone at last. If I should ring about ten o'clock, it will be for a cup of coffee. If I do not ring then, send every body to bed. And do not expect me, until you see me."

"Certainly, Luke, I quite understand," answered Mrs. Sharp, having been for years accustomed to such arrangements; "but, my dear, before you begin, can you spare me five minutes for a little conversation?"

"Of course I can, Miranda; I am always at your service."

Mrs. Sharp thought to herself that this was a slight exaggeration. Still, on the whole, she had little to complain of. Mr. Sharp always remembered the time when he cast sad distant eyes at her, Miranda Piper, more enchanting than a will case, more highly cherished than the deed box of an Earl. Nothing but impudence had enabled him to marry her; thereby his impudence was exhausted in that one direction, and he ever remained polite to her.

"Then, Luke, will you just take your favorite chair, and answer me only one question?" As she said these words, Mrs. Sharp took care to set the chair so that she could get the last gleam of sunset on her dear lord's face. Her husband thoroughly understood all this, and accepted the situation.

"Now do tell me, Luke—you notice every thing, though you do not always speak of it—have you observed how very strangely Kit has been going on for some time now? And have you any idea of the reason? And do you think that we ought to allow it, my dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sharp, I have observed it. You need not be at all uneasy about it. I am observing him very closely. When I disapprove, I shall stop it at once."

"But surely, my dear, surely I, his mother, am not to be kept in the dark about it? I know that you always take your own course, and your course is quite sure to be the right one; but surely, my dear, when something important is evidently going on about my own child, you would never have the heart to keep it from me. I could not endure it; indeed I could not. I should fret myself away to skin and bone."

"It would take a long time to do that, my dear," replied Mr. Sharp, as he looked with satisfaction at her fine plump figure. It pleased him to hear, as he often did, that there was not in Oxford a finer couple of middle-aged people than Mr. and Mrs. Sharp. "However, I should be exceedingly grieved ever to initiate such a process. But first, before I tell you any thing at all, I will ask you to promise two things most clearly."

"My dear, I would promise fifty things rather than put up with this cruel anxiety."

"Yes, I dare say. But I do not want rash promises, Miranda. You must pledge yourself to two things, and keep your pledges."

"I will do so in a moment, with the greatest pleasure. You would never ask any thing wrong, I am sure. Only do not keep me waiting so."

"In the first place, then, you must promise me, whether my plan turns out well or ill, on no account to blame me for it, but to give me the credit of having acted for the best throughout."

"Nothing can be easier than to promise that. My dear, you always do act for the best; and, what is more, the best always comes of it."

"Very well, you promise that; also you must pledge yourself to conceal from every one, and most of all from Christopher, every thing I am about to tell you, and to act under my directions."

"To be sure, my dear; to be sure I will. Nothing is more reasonable than that I should keep your secrets."

"I know that you will try, Miranda; and I know that you have much self-command. Also you will see the importance of acting as I direct you. All I fear is that when you see poor Kit moping, or sighing, and groaning, it may be almost beyond your power to retain your motherly heart."

"Have no fear, Luke; have no fear whatever. When I know that it is for his true interest, as of course it will be, I shall be exceedingly sorry for him; but still he may go on as much as he pleases; and of course he has not behaved well at all in being so mysterious to his own mother."

Luke Sharp looked at his wife, to ask whether any off-shoot of this reproach was intended at all to come home to him. If he had discovered any sign of that, the wife of his bosom would have waited long without getting another word from him. For seldom as Mr. Sharp showed temper, he held back, with the chain curb of expedience, as quick a temper as ever threatened to bolt with any man's fair repute. But now he received no irritation. His wife looked back at him kindly and sweetly, with moist expressive eyes; and he saw that she still was in her duty.

"Miranda," he said, being touched by this, for he had a great deal of conscience, "my darling, I will tell you something such as you never heard before. I have made a bold stroke, a very bold one; but I think it must succeed. And justice is with me, as you will own, after all the attempts to rob us. Perhaps you never heard a stranger story; but still I am sure you will agree with me that in every step I have taken I am most completely and perfectly justified."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A WOOLHOPIAN.

It is only fair toward Mr. Sharp to acquit him of all intention to trust his wife with a very important secret as long as he could help it. He was well aware of the risk he ran in taking such a desperate step; but the risk was forced upon him now by several circumstances. Also he wanted her aid just now in a matter in which he could not possibly have it without trusting her. Hence he resolved to make a virtue of necessity, as the saying is, and at the same time get the great relief which even a strong mind, in long scheming, obtains by having its burden shared.

This resolve of his was no sudden one. For several days he had made up his mind that when he should be questioned upon the subject—which he foresaw must happen—he would earn the credit of candor and the grace of womanly gratitude by making a clean breast of it. There could be no better season than this. The house was quiet; his son was away; the shadows of the coming evening softly fell before her step; Cross Duck Lane looked very touching in the calm of twilight; and Mrs. Sharp was in the melting mood. Therefore the learned and conscientious lawyer perceived that the client's affairs, about which he was going to busy himself, might safely wait for another day, while he was sweeping his own hearth clean. So he locked the door, and looked out of the window, where sparrows were swarming to their ivy roost; and then he drew in the old lattice, and turned the iron tongue that fastened it. Mrs. Sharp looked on, while some little suggestion of fear came to qualify eagerness.

"Luke, I declare you quite make me nervous. I shall be afraid to go to bed to-night. Really a stranger or a timid person would think you were going to confess a murder."

"My dear, if you feel at all inclined to give way," Mr. Sharp answered, as if glad to escape, "we will have out our talk to-morrow—or no—to-morrow I have an appointment at Woodstock. The day after that we will recur to it. I see that it will be better so."

"Luke, is your mind astray? I quite fear so. Can you imagine that I could wait for two days, after what you have told me?"

"My dear, I was only considering yourself. If you wish it, I will begin at once. Only for your own sake I must insist on your sitting calmly down. There, my dear! Now do not agitate yourself. There is nothing to frighten any body. It is the most simple thing; and you will laugh when you have heard it."

"Then I wish I had heard it, Luke, for I feel more inclined to cry than laugh."

"Miranda, you must not be foolish. Such a thing is not at all like you. Very well; now you are quite sedate. Now please not to interrupt me once, but ask your questions afterward. If you ask me a question I shall stop, and go to the office with my papers." Mr. Sharp looked at his wife, and she bowed her head in obedience. "To begin at the very beginning," he said, with a smile to re-assure her, "you will do me the justice to remember that I have worked very hard for my living. And I have prospered well, Miranda, having you as both the foundation and the crown of my prosperity. I was perfectly satisfied, as you know, living quite up to my wishes, and putting a little cash by every year of our lives, and paying on a heavy life-insurance, in case of my own life dropping, for the sake of you and Christopher. You know all that?"

"Darling Luke, I do. But you make me cry when you talk like that."

"Very well. That is as it should be. We were as happy as need be expected, until the great wrong befell us—the fierce injustice of losing every farthing to which we were clearly entitled. You were the proper successor to all the property of old Fermitage. That old curmudgeon and wholesale poisoner of the University made a fool of himself, toward his latter end, by marrying Miss Oglander. Old Black-Strap, as of course we know, had no other motive for doing such a thing except his low ambition to be connected with a good old family. Ever since he began life as a bottle-boy in the cellars of old Jerry Pigaud—"

"He never did that, Luke. How can you speak so of my father's own first cousin? He was an extremely respectable young man; my father always said so."

"While he was making his money, Miranda, of course he was respectable. And every body respected him as soon as he had made it. However, I have not the smallest intention of reproaching the poor old villain. He acted according to his lights, and they led him very badly. A foolish ambition induced him to marry that pompous old maid, Joan Oglander, who had been jilted by Commodore Patch, the son of the famous captain. We all know what followed; the old man was but a doll in the hands of his lady-wife. He left all the scrapings and screwings of his life for her to do what she pleased with—at least every body supposes so."

"What do you mean, Luke?" asked Mrs. Sharp, having inkling of legal surprises. "Do you mean that there is a later will? Has he done justice to me, after all?"

"No, my dear. He never saved his soul by attending to his own kindred. But he just had the sense to make a little change at last, when his wife would not come near him. You know what he died of. It was coming on for weeks, though at last it struck him suddenly. The port-wine fungus of his old vaults grew into his lungs and stopped them. It had shown for some time in his face and throat, and his wife was afraid of catching it. She took it to be some infectious fever, of which she is always so terribly afraid. The old man knew that his time was short; but take to his bed he would not. Of all born men the most stubborn he was, as any man must be to get on well. 'If I am to die of the fungus,' he said, 'I will have a little more of it.' And he went, and with his own hands hunted up a magnum of port, which had been laid by, from the vintage of 1745, in the first days of Jerry Pigaud. But before that he had sent for me, and I was there when he opened it."

"Luke, you take my breath away. Such wonderful things I have never heard. At least not in our own family."

"Of course, my dear. We all accept wonders with quietude, till they come home to us. Well, when he fetched out this old bottle, it was fungus inside from heel to neck. He held it up against the light, and the glass being whiter than now they make, and the wine gone almost white with age, there you could see this extraordinary growth, like cords, in the bottle, and valves across it, and a long yellow sheath like a crocus flower. I had never seen any thing like it before; but he knew all about it. 'Ah, I know a genleman,' he grunted in his throat—he never could say 'gentleman,' as you remember—'a genleman as would give a hundred guineas for this here bottle. Quibbles, he shouldn't have it for a thousand. My boy, you and I will drink it. Say no, and I'll cut off your wife with a half-penny.' Miranda, what could I do but try to humor him to the utmost? If I had had the smallest inkling of the iniquitous will he had made, of course I never would have sat on the head of a cask, down in his dingy and reeking vaults, by the hour together, to please him. But never mind that; in a moment he took a long-handled knife or chopper, and holding the bottle upright, struck off the neck and a part of the shoulder as straight as a line at the level of the wine. 'Not many men could do that,' he said; 'none of your clumsy corkscrewers for me! Now, Quibbles, here's a real treat for you. Talk of beeswing, my boy; here's a bee-hive!' And really it was more like eating than drinking wine; for all the body was gone into the fungus. Nastier stuff I never tasted; but, luckily, he took the lion's share. 'Now, Quibbles, I'll tell you a secret,' he said, after swallowing at least a quart; 'a very pretty girl came and kissed me t'other day in among these very bottles. Such a little duck—not a bit ashamed, or afeared of my fungus, as my missus is. And her breath was as sweet as the violets of '20! "Well now, my little dear," thinks I, as I stood back and looked at her, "that was kind of you to kiss an old man a-dying of port-wine fungus! And if he only lives another day, you shall have the right to kiss the Royal family, if you cares to do it." Quibbles, I wouldn't call in you, nor any other thief of a lawyer. Lawyers are very well over a glass; but keep 'em outside of the cellar, say I. Very good company in their way; but the only company I put trust in is the one I have dealt with all my life—and many a thousand pounds I have paid them—The Royal Wine Company of Oporto. So now, if any thing happens to me—though I am not in such a hurry to be binned away and walled up for the resurrection—Quibbles, wait six months, and then you go to the Royal Oporto Company, and ask for a genleman of the name of Jolly Fellows.'"

"Now, Luke, I am all anxiety to hear," exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, with a sudden interruption, "what was the end of this very strange affair. I perceive now that I have foreseen the whole of it. But it is not right that you should speak so long without one morsel of refreshment. It is many hours since you dined, my dear, and a very poor dinner you had of it. You shall have a glass of white wine, and a slice of tongue between a little cold roll and butter. It will not in any way interrupt you. I can get it all for you without ringing the bell. Only let me ask you one thing first—why have you never told me this till now?"

"Because, Miranda, it would disturb your mind. And I know that you can not endure suspense. Moreover, I scarcely knew what to think of it. Poor old Fermitage (what with the fungus already in his tubes, and what he was taking down) might be talking sheer nonsense for all that I knew. And, indeed, for a long time I treated it so; and I had no stomach for a voyage to Oporto upon mere speculation and for the benefit only of some pretty girl. Then I found out, by the purest chance, that no voyage to Oporto was needful, that old 'Port-wine' (who departed on his cask to a better world the day after his magnum) meant nothing more than the London stores and agency of the Oporto Company. And even after that I made one expedition to the Minories, all for nothing. Two or three very polite young dons stared at me, and thought I was come to chaff them, or perhaps had turned up from their vaults top-heavy, when I asked for 'Senhor Jolly Fellows.' And so I came away, and lost some months, and might never have thought it worth while to go again, except for another mere accident."

"My dear, what a chapter of accidents!" cried Mrs. Sharp, while feeding him. "I thought that you were a great deal too clever to allow any room for accidents."

"Women think so. Men know better," the lawyer replied, sententiously; his ability was too well known to need his vindication. "And, Miranda, you forget that I had as yet no personal interest in the question. But when I happened to have a Portuguese gentleman as a client—a man who had spent many years in England—and happened to be talking of our language to him, I told him one part of the story, and asked if he could throw any light on it. He told me at once that the name which had so puzzled me must be Gelofilos—a Portuguese surname by no means common. And the next time I was in town I had occasion to call in St. John's Street, and found myself, almost by accident again, not far from the Company's offices."

"Mr. Sharp, you left such a thing to chance, when you knew that it might pull down that dreadful woman's insolence!"

"My dear, it is not the duty of my life to mitigate feminine arrogance. And to undertake such a crusade gratis! I am equal to a bold stroke, as you will see, if your patience lasts, but never to such a vast undertaking. When it comes before me in the way of business, naturally I take it up. But this was no business of my own; and the will was proved and assets called in, for the old rogue did not owe one penny. Well, I went again, and this time I got hold of the right man— Miranda, I hear the bell."

The new office bell, the successor to the one that succumbed to Russel Overshute, rang as hard as ring it could. A special messenger was come from London, and in half an hour Mr. Luke Sharp was sitting on the box of the night up-mail.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NIGHTINGALES.

This sudden departure of Mr. Luke Sharp, in the very marrow of his story, left his good wife in a trying and altogether discontented state of mind. She knew that she could have no more particulars until he came back again; for Sharp had even less faith in the post than the post of that period deserved. She might have to wait for days and days, with a double anxiety urging her.

In the first place, although she felt nothing but pity for poor old Mrs. Fermitage, and would have been really sorry to hear of any thing likely to vex her, she could not help being desirous to know if there were any danger of a thing so sad. But her second anxiety was a great deal keener, being sharpened by the ever-moving grit of love; in the dreadful state of mind her son was in, how would all this act upon him? His father had been forced, by some urgency of things, to put on his box-coat, and make off, without even time for a hurried whisper as to the residue of his tale. Mrs. Sharp felt that there might be something which her husband feared to spread before her, without plenty of time to lead up to it; and having for many years been visited (whenever she was not quite herself) with poignant doubts whether Mr. Sharp was anchored upon scriptural principles, she almost persuaded herself for the moment that he meant to put up with the loss of the money.

However, a little reflection sufficed to clear away this sadly awful cloud of skepticism, and to assure her that Mr. Sharp, however he might swerve in theory, would be orthodox enough in practice to follow the straight path toward the money. And then she began to think of nothing except her own beloved Kit.

The last hurried words of her husband had been, "Not one word to Kit, or you ruin all. Let him groan as he likes; only watch him closely. I shall be back by Saturday night. God bless you, my dear! Keep up your spirits. I have the whip-hand of the lot of them."

Herein lay her faith and hope. She never had known her husband fail when he really made up his mind to succeed; and therefore, in the bottom of her heart, she doubted the genuine loss of Grace Oglander. Sharp had discovered, and traced to their end, clews of the finest gossamer when his interest led him to do so. That he should be baffled, and own himself to be so, was beyond her experience. Therefore, although as yet she had no more than a guess at her husband's schemes, she could not help fancying, after his words, that they might have to do with Grace Oglander.

Before she had time to think out her thoughts, Christopher, their main subject, returned from Wytham Wood, after holding long rivalry of woe with nightingales. He still carried on, and well carried off, the style of the love-lorn Romeo. He swung his cloak quite as well as could be expected of an Englishman who is born to hate fly-away apparel, all of which is womanish; but the necessities of his position had driven him now to a very short pipe. His favorite meerschaum had fallen into sorrow as terrible as his own. In a highly poetical moment he had sucked it so hard that the oil arose and took him with a hot spot upon a white tongue, impregnated then with a sonnet. All sonnets are of the tongue and ear; but Kit misliked having his split up just when it was coming to the final kick. Therefore he gave his pipe a thump beyond such a pipe's endurance; and being as sensitive as himself, and of equally fine material, it simply refused to draw any more as long as he breathed poetry. Still breathing poetry, he marched home, with the stump of a farthing clay, newly baked in the Summertown Road, to console him.

Now if this young man had failed of one of the triple combination—weed and clay and fire—where and how might he have ended not only that one evening, but all the rest of the evenings of his young life? His appearance and manner had at first imported to any one whom he came across—and he truly did come across them in his wide and loose march out of Oxford city—that he might be sought for in a few hours' time, and only the inferior portion found. His mother worried him, so did his father, so did all humanity, save one—who worried him more than any, or all of it put together—the trees and the road, and the singing of the birds, and the gladness of the green world worried him. Luckily for himself he had bought a good box of German tinder, and from ash to ash his spirit glowed slowly into a more philosophic state. Gradually the beauty of the trees and hedges and the sloping fields began to steal around him; the warbled pleasure of the little birds made overture to his sympathy, and the lustrous calm of shadowed waters spread its picture through his mind.

His body also responded to the influences of the time of day, and the love of nature freshened into the natural love of cupboard. Hunger awoke in his system somewhere, and spread sweet pictures in a tasteful part. For a "moment of supreme agony" he wrestled with the coarse material instinct, then turned on his heel, as our novelists say, and made off for his father's kitchen.

His poor mother caught him the moment he came in, and pulled off his hat and his opera cloak, and frizzled up his curls for him. She seemed to think that he must have been for a journey of at least a hundred leagues; that the fault of his going was hers, and the virtue of his ever coming back was all his own. Then she looked at him slyly, and with some sadness, and yet a considerable touch of pride, by the light of a three-wicked cocoa candle; and feeling quite sure that she had him to herself, trembled at the boldness of the shot she made.

"Oh, Kit, why have you never told me? I have found it all out. You have fallen in love!"

Christopher Fermitage Sharp, Esquire—as he always entitled himself upon the collar of spaniel or terrier—had nothing to say for a moment, but softly withdrew to have his blush in shadow. Of all the world, best he loved his mother—before, or after, somebody else—and his simple, unpracticed, and uncored heart was shy of the job it was carrying on. Therefore he turned from his mother's face, and her eager eyes, and expectant arms.

"Come and tell me, my darling," she whispered, trying to get a good look at his reluctant eyes, and wholly oblivious of her promise to his father. "I will not be angry at all, Kit, although you never should have left me to find it out in this way."

"There is nothing to find out," he answered, making a turn toward the kitchen stairs. "I just want my supper, if there is any thing to eat."

"To eat, Kit! And I thought so much better of you. After all, I must have been quite wrong. What a shame to invent such stories!"

"You must have invented them yourself, dear mother," said Kit, with recovered bravery. "Let me hear it all out when I have had my supper."

"I will go down this moment and see what there is," replied his good mother, eagerly. "Is there any thing now you particularly fancy?"

"Yes, mother; oysters will be over to-morrow. I should like two dozen fried with butter, and a pound and a quarter of rump-steak, cut thick, and not overdone."

"You shall have them, my darling, in twenty minutes. Now be sure that you put your fur slippers on; I saw quite a fog coming over Port Meadow as much as half an hour ago. This is the worst time of year to take cold. 'A May cold is a thirty-day cold.' What a stupe I must be," she continued to herself, "to imagine that the boy could be in love! I will take care to say not another word, or I might break my promise to his father. What a pity! He has a noble mustache coming, and only his mother to admire it!"

In spite of all disappointment, this good mother paid the warmest heed to the ordering, ay, and the cooking, of the supper of her only child. A juicier steak never sat on a gridiron; fatter oysters never frizzled with the pure bubble of goodness. Kit sat up, and made short work of all that came before him.

"Now, mother, what is it you want to say?" His tone was not defiant, but nicely self-possessed, and softly rich with triumph of digestion. And a silver tankard of Morel's ale helped him to express himself.

"My dear boy, I have nothing to say, except that you have lifted a great weight off my mind, a very great weight beyond description, by leaving behind you not even a trace of the existence of that fine rump-steak."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1876.

Sunday,	9.—Sunday before Easter.
Friday,	14.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	15.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	16.—Easter-Day.
Sunday,	23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Monday,	1.—St. Philip and St. James.
Sunday,	7.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	14.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	28.—Sunday after Ascension.

The true solution of the Indian problem is very apparent in the petition for a mission school sent by the Muscogee (Creek Indian) Baptist Association to the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board. They state that the Baptists have an association comprising thirty-two churches among the Creeks, besides an association among the Chocktaws and Chickasaws, another among the Cherokees, and also churches among the Seminoles. In pleading for the education of their children, they say, very pathetically: "Our children are not born savages. They at first are sweet-tempered, and seem playful and happy; and if they grow up savages, it is because their minds are dwarfed and corrupted only because they are neglected. This is what makes them savages." There never was a truer word spoken. The petition dates from Eufala, Creek Nation.

Preaching is hereditary in the Spurgeon family, the father and grandfather of the famous Tabernacle pastor having spent long years in the Christian ministry. Twenty years ago, at a festival held in honor of the grandfather, the three generations were represented in the addresses made. Very recently, at a quarterly meeting of the Stockwell Orphanage, Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon took the chair and made one address; his father, the Rev. John Spurgeon, delivered another; and his son Thomas, a youth of seventeen, who is active in mission work, another. This son is said to have much of his father's talent. A brother of Charles H. Spurgeon is also a Baptist minister.

The Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, late a Baptist pastor of Cleveland, Ohio, was installed pastor of the Union Congregational Church, Providence, Rhode Island, March 15, with impressive religious services. President Robinson, of Brown University, the teacher of the pastor elect, conducted the opening services of installation; Dr. Manning delivered the sermon, and Dr. Taylor gave the charge.

The revival meetings on Sunday evenings in the Theatre Royal of Montreal increase both in numbers and interest. The building will hold over two thousand, and on a recent occasion was packed from the pit to the gallery. An overflow meeting was also held in a neighboring church. After the addresses were concluded over one hundred and fifty persons remained to attend the inquiry meeting.

Reports of the farther spread of the great revival come from Reading, Pennsylvania, where great crowds have met in the Presbyterian and Lutheran churches to hear the addresses of the Rev. S. Taggart. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss have begun union services in Montgomery, Alabama. The Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists of the city co-operate with them.

The trustees of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, will proceed to raise an endowment to replace the $250,000 lost by the failure of Mr. Drew. The title to the valuable real estate and buildings, estimated to be worth $250,000, is in the trustees.

The Christian Convention of ministers and laymen, announced by Messrs. Moody and Sankey for March 29 and 30, will consider the following topics: "Evangelistic Services—how to conduct them;" "How to conduct Prayer-Meetings;" "How can Inquiry Meetings become Part of the Service in our Churches?" "The Training of young Converts and lay Teachers;" "The Service of Song;" "How to reach Non-church-goers;" "What more can be done for young Men?"

The Moslems of Constantinople have organized a society for the propagation of Mohammedanism in the country of King Mtesa, Central Africa, which was visited by Mr. Stanley a few months ago. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley's letter made known the request of the king for Christian teachers, and that an offer of £5000 for the necessary expense was made by an English gentleman. Stanley's letter has been translated in the Arabic newspapers, and the Moslems are preparing to contest the field. Their subscriptions for the purpose have been very liberal, some of them being over $500. Mohammedanism has already been very extensively spread through Africa by means of the Arabs.

Messrs. Hall and Cree, the delegates of the Young Men's International Committee, reached New Orleans by the middle of March. They held three services daily in the Carondelet Street Methodist Church, and Sunday meetings at Dr. Mallard's and Dr. Palmer's churches. They were well received by the people of the city, and have now gone to Houston, Texas.

The identity of Christian civilization all over the world is well illustrated in the fact that a Sunday-school Convention has been held in India. It met at Allahabad, January 19, and was attended by representatives of all the evangelical Churches of India. Among the topics discussed were, "The Hindostani School—how best conducted;" "Work among the Girls and Women of India." It was determined to establish the *Indian Sunday-school Journal*, which will be issued monthly from the American Mission Press at Lucknow. Among the names of the editors appears that of Narayan Sheshadri, whose presence at the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in 1873 will be remembered. A Sunday-school Union was also organized. A resolution was adopted protesting against the Hindoo custom of child marriage, and providing for a vigorous discussion of the subject through the press. A second Convention will be held early in 1878.

The Maryland Sunday-school Union, of which Mr. G. S. Griffith is president, has issued a very valuable report for 1875. It estimates the total number of children and youths in Maryland, between five and eighteen years of age, at 246,400. This includes white and black; of the whole number, 160,300 attend Sunday-schools, leaving 86,100 unaccounted for. In Baltimore the Methodists have 13,513 Sunday-school scholars; the Protestant Episcopalians, 6554; Presbyterians, 5377; Baptists, 3921; Catholics, 14,000. In all, 58,000 children receive Sunday-school instruction throughout the city. The Protestant churches of Baltimore admitted, during 1875, 1872 members from the Sunday-schools.

Another instance of the rapid growth of the Roman Catholic Church, especially in the manufacturing districts of the United States, is the recent division of the Catholic diocese of Pittsburg into two dioceses—Pittsburg and Alleghany. Bishop Domenec is transferred to the latter, and a new bishop—Tuigg—was consecrated for the latter on March 19. Bishop Domenec, upon leaving his old diocese, gave, in a farewell letter, the following statistics: In 1860 there were 50,000 Catholics in the diocese; now there are 200,000. In Alleghany County alone more than twenty-six churches have been built, and large additions have been made to others. Twenty new convents have been erected, and eight new communities of women introduced. This growth brings the Irish Presbyterians, who abound in Western Pennsylvania, and the Irish Catholics face to face, very much as they confront one another in their old home.

One of the useful Centennial offerings made by the churches of our country is "A complete List of the Publications of the Lutheran Ministers in the United States," prepared by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Morris. It is a handsome duodecimo volume. The historical sermons of the Presbyterian pastors will all be written on paper of the same size, so that they can readily be bound in manuscript books.

The Sunday-school Congress which met in Plainfield, New Jersey, March 10, though not much noticed by the secular papers, was a very important assembly. It represented much of the very best brain and energy now devoted to Sunday-school work. The mornings and afternoons were spent in careful discussion of practical topics; the evenings were given to addresses by well-known ministers. Among other questions considered was the practical working of the international lesson system. The objections to it were found to be, (1) it is not adapted to infant classes; (2) it is a piecemeal study of the Bible; (3) it is too big an undertaking. Its confessed advantages outweighed, in the opinion of the Congress, all objections, and its continuance was unanimously agreed to. Its plan contemplates a complete system of Bible study in seven years. It was reported to the Congress that these lessons are used now in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Burmah, China, Japan, Feejee Islands, Sandwich Islands, Australia, South Africa, Siam, Syria, Choctaw Country, and Mexico.

The committee appointed by the British Wesleyan Conference to consider a plan of lay representation will recommend the division of the Conference into two sections, one lay and ministerial, the other wholly ministerial. The mixed Conference will consist of elected delegates, and will meet first. It will review the administration of Church affairs, and will enact all general laws. The ministerial Conference will be confined to ministerial and pastoral questions. The resolutions of the mixed body must be sanctioned by the "Legal Hundred." This plan will now go for approval to the May district meetings.

In place of his "Burials Bill," Mr. Osborne Morgan moved in the British Parliament, on the 3d of March, the following resolution: "That the parish church-yards of England and Wales having been, by common law of England, appropriated to the use of the entire body of parishioners, it is just and right, while proper provision is made for the maintenance of order and decency, to permit interments in such church-yards, either without any burial services, or with burial services other than those of the Church of England, and performed by other persons than the ministers of that Church." The resolution was debated very fully by the mover, and Messrs. Martin, Cross, Knatchbull-Hugessen, Harcourt, and the Prime Minister. Mr. Harcourt spoke in favor of the resolution, and Mr. Disraeli against it. On a division, the vote stood 248 for and 279 against. The London *Times* criticises the vote of the House with much feeling. It says: "No answer can be really made to the argument that we are exhibiting a bigotry of which the most reactionary countries in Europe are not guilty, in insisting on allowing no religious service but that of the Church of England in our grave-yards. The rights of the Church, whatever they may be, can not be incompatible with the rights of humanity and the respect which is due to conscientious differences of religious faith." The smallness of the majority against the resolution will naturally encourage the Non-conformists.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During the twelve years of its existence the Working-women's Protective Union has found employment for 1910 working-women, besides giving helpful information and advice to 3388 others. The object of this society is to promote the interests of those women who obtain a livelihood by employments other than household service, and especially to provide them with legal protection from the frauds and impositions of unscrupulous employers. Small sums of money, in the form of temporary loans, have been distributed among working-women to meet their immediate and pressing necessities. These loans have been made during the last seven years, and without any pledges, yet their scrupulous repayment in a majority of cases indicates the honesty of the borrowers. Out of over $2145 the actual deficiency is not more than $25. Legal prosecutions for the collection of unpaid wages have been made without cost to working-women, the total amount obtained by the Union as the result of legal and other measures being, at the close of last year, over $16,411. Dishonest employers and unscrupulous agents practice numerous frauds upon poor women, particularly upon seamstresses, but the very fact of the existence of such a society as the Protective Union tends to make many such persons practice an enforced honesty for fear of the results. The officers give their personal services, and the counsel of the board and legal adviser in all prosecutions receives no other compensation than the legal fees obtained through judgments against those who resist the rightful claims made in behalf of working-women. The expenses of the society are borne by the voluntary contributions of those who approve the work. The office of the Union, No. 38 Bleecker Street, is open to visitors as well as to those who are in need of its services.

A Frenchman has quite surpassed Americans in preparing for summer. He has invented a machine for destroying the potato beetle. He thinks it will prove a perfect success. Time will show. It works thus: a trough is pushed along, mounted on two wheels, just above and before which a board revolves, gently bending the vines over, and shaking the bugs into the trough, where they are destroyed.

The ice harvest on the Hudson River is said to be about 1,000,000 tons less than the average yield.

Three Communists—so the *Gazette de Paris* announces—have escaped from New Caledonia and arrived at Sydney.

Not long since a memorial medallion, erected to the poet Keats upon the pilaster of the gateway close to his tomb in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, was unveiled in the presence of a large audience. The sculptor having declined payment for his work, it was announced that the sum due him would be taken as a nucleus of a subscription for a bust of Keats to be placed in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

A Philadelphia lady is engaged in getting up a book of autographs which will contain 25,000 names of persons of note in all parts of the Union. These are to be names of living persons, inscribed by their own hands. There are to be two copies of this huge folio, one of which is to be given to the government of the United States, and the other deposited in some safe place under lock and key, to be opened in the year 1976.

An exchange makes a little fun of the geographical knowledge of our English cousins, thus:

Oxford. "I say, where's Harvard?"

Cambridge. "Oh—ah—somewhere in the States, I believe."

Oxford. "Where's Yale?"

Cambridge. "There you have me, old boy. Don't know. Why?"

Oxford. "They want us to row at a place called Centennial next summer."

Cambridge. "Oh, indeed. Ha! ha!"

California is unequaled as a fruit-growing region. Oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, figs, olives, grapes, nectarines, etc., are grown in abundance. In 1874 there were 90,000 orange-trees in the State, but the present number is much larger. Forty or fifty trees are planted to the acre, and they yield from 1000 to 3000 oranges each. Trees only bear in twelve years after the seed is planted, and trees from the nursery are expensive; so some capital is needed in starting an orange orchard. The lemon-tree bears all the year round, although it requires sixteen years to mature from the seed. There are something like 12,000 olive-trees in the State, which yield fruit of a superior quality. The grape industry is yet in its infancy, but there is a bright future before it.

It appears that the Feejee Islanders will have the best view of the total eclipse of the sun which occurs next September. And even they will have brief experience of darkness—less than a minute.

So extensive and merciless has been the destruction of small birds in the north of Italy and in Tyrol that their protection has been made the subject of a diplomatic treaty between Austria and Italy. These countries are also endeavoring to agree with France and Switzerland for a law forbidding the destruction of all insectivorous birds.

It is related concerning the house of Victor Hugo, in Guernsey, that one of the most valued mementos of the illustrious writer which give interest to the spot is a black patch on the study floor. The servant who shows the numerous visitors about the place informs them with impressive solemnity that the blot of ink was caused by the upsetting of Victor Hugo's inkstand after he had just finished one of the most celebrated chapters of *Les Misérables*—"Un Homme à la Mer." This blot will always be carefully preserved.

"Daniel Deronda" is said to be the name of a chicken-fancier at Springfield, Massachusetts. He is *not* George Eliot's hero.

The French government has authorized the expenditure of two million and odd francs for the restoration of the cathedral of Rheims.

When a Cunard steamer is ready to sail, but before passengers are received on board, a complete inspection is made of every part of the vessel. The crew also are inspected, and go through certain drills, so that in case of accident which would require the use of the boats, or in case of fire, every man would know his place and his duty. Every pump and water-tight door is tested, the supply of rockets and signals examined, and only when every thing has been found secure are passengers received on board. No voyage is undertaken if the smallest defect is discovered. To this minute and constant care is due, in part, the good fortune which has attended this long-established line of steamers. The practical rule of the company is never to incur any known risk.

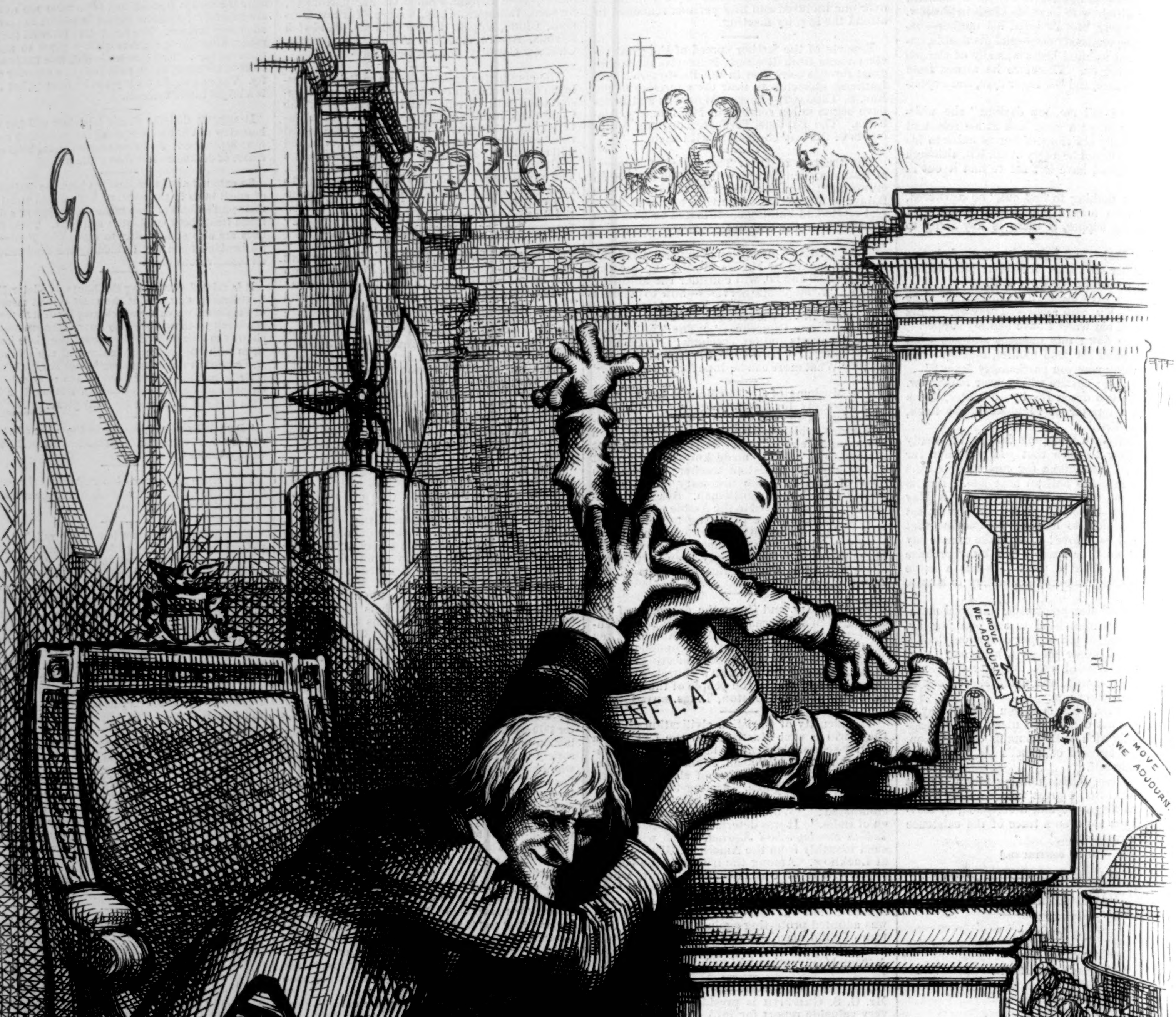
In the spring there is a tendency to bilious complaints. We do not understand how to vary our food with the changing seasons, or if we do understand, we are not willing to do it, and the result is biliousness, which makes one feel that life is a burden. If, when mild weather approaches, we would content ourselves with a very moderate supply of hearty food, but eat freely of fresh fruit, such as oranges and lemons, the good results would be apparent. In particular, lemons are recommended as excellent for those inclined to bilious troubles. There is no doubt but that the way to keep in good health is to know what to eat, and to eat it.

In English journals statements are made to the effect that the whole value of the presents received by the Prince of Wales during his tour in India will not much exceed £40,000, and the value of presents given by him will amount to nearly the same sum. It is estimated that the value of the English goods ordered by princes of India to furnish their palaces for the reception of the Prince of Wales amounts to fully £250,000. And it is thought that the taste thus awakened among the higher classes of natives for English fancy goods will permanently increase the export of productions of skilled labor.

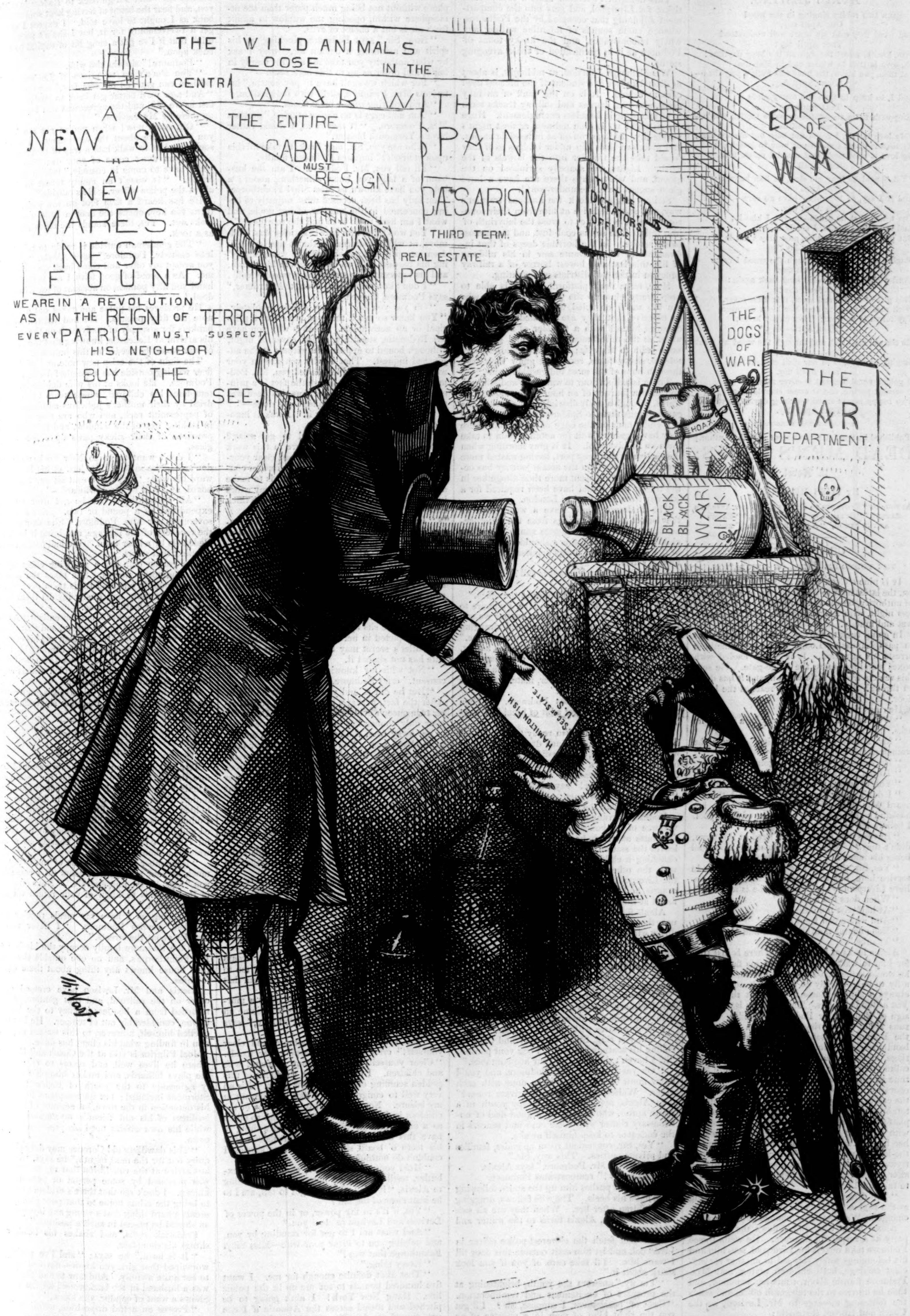
A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* at Cairo, in describing a breakfast with the Khedive of Egypt, mentions an incident in connection with one of the dishes, "riz à la Khédive," composed of peculiarly small and delicate rice stewed in a *consommé* of calves' brains. One of the dignitaries of the court, who sat by the correspondent at table, remarked, "I cordially recommend that rice to you, in the first place, because it is a really admirable dish, in the preparation of which his Highness's *chef* excels all others; and secondly, because it is probably the most expensive *mets* ever set before any body since the days of Heliogabalus. Every grain of that rice, my dear Sir, cost the Khedive a louis. I venture to appraise your consumption of it at two hundred and fifty dollars a mouthful. That hock you have just been drinking is not an absolutely cheap wine; Ismail Pasha took all he could get of it at sixty-eight francs a bottle—about fourteen dollars; but, in comparison to his rice, he may be considered to have got it for nothing. That rice is of a peculiar sort, grown on the Khedive's own estates; it is consequently the most costly article that appears upon the vice-regal table."

The following are the conditions prescribed for the selection of the American rifle team to represent the United States in the great international long-range match for the championship of the world, to take place at Creedmoor, Long Island, September 14 and 15, 1876, under the auspices of the Centennial Commission:

Eight men, who shall constitute the team, and four others, who shall be known as reserves, shall be selected for their merits as determined by three competitions at Creedmoor, in the manner following: *Competition I.* Open to all native-born citizens of the United States; to take place May 31 and June 1, 1876; fifty shots each day by each competitor—fifteen at 800 yards, fifteen at 900 yards, and twenty at 1000 yards. *Competition II.* Open to the sixteen men making the highest aggregate scores in Competition I.; to be shot June 6 and 7, 1876; same number of shots and same distances as in Competition I.; the twelve men making the highest aggregate scores in this competition and in Competition I. to be the twelve men who shall constitute the team and reserves. *Competition III.* Open only to the team and reserves; to take place June 13 and 14, 1876; same number of shots and same conditions as in Competition I.; the aggregate scores in this competition and Competition II. shall determine the order of merit of these twelve competitors, the competitor having the highest aggregate score taking first place on the team, and so on, according to their respective aggregate scores—the first eight to constitute the team, the balance the reserves. Rifles, sights, targets, marking, scoring, and position to be according to the printed regulations of the National Rifle Association of America. Entries for Competition I. may be made at any time up to 10 o'clock A.M. of May 31, 1876. Persons desiring to enter are requested to inform the secretary of the joint committee, 93 Nassau Street, New York, by letter, at as early a day as possible.


GOLD
INFLATION
I MOVE WE ADJOURN
I MOVE WE ADJOURN
THE RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS
$ GOLD
Th. Nast.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE; OR, THE "MURDERED" RAG BABY WILL NOT BE STILL.
SHAKE ITS GORY LOCKS AT THEM UNTIL THEY MAKE IT VANISH.


THE WILD ANIMALS LOOSE IN THE CENTRA
A NEW S
A NEW MARES NEST FOUND
WE ARE IN A REVOLUTION AS IN THE REIGN OF TERROR EVERY PATRIOT MUST SUSPECT HIS NEIGHBOR.
BUY THE PAPER AND SEE.
WAR WITH SPAIN
THE ENTIRE CABINET MUST RESIGN.
CÆSARISM
THIRD TERM.
REAL ESTATE POOL.
TO THE DICTATOR'S OFFICE
EDITOR OF WAR
THE DOGS OF WAR.
HOAX
BLACK BLACK WAR INK
THE WAR DEPARTMENT.
HAMILTON FISH. SEC. OF STATE. U.S.
Th. Nast

THE REIGN OF THE PRESS.

A MEMBER OF THE CABINET. "Please take in my card to the Secretary—I beg your pardon—the Editor of War, and inquire if *the war with Spain is over,* as I wish to make arrangements for signing the Treaty of Peace."

APRIL JESTING.

I heard two robins singing in the wood
One April day,
And what they said my heart well understood
That April day:
"Oh, love is sweet through all the busy daytime!
Oh, love is true in winter and in May-time!"
But then, you know, the hour was Folly's play-time—
'Twas April day.

And I, to keep in tune the merry birds
That April day,
Sang with them thoughtlessly some foolish words—
'Twas April day:
"My love is fair, I could not help but choose him;
My love is good, I could not bear to lose him;
My love is wise, oh! what could I refuse him
This April day?

"Yet should he hear me sing, let him beware—
'Tis April day;
And if I say, 'I love him,' have no care—
'Tis April day.
The token that he sends—oh yes, I kiss it;
And if he send it not, I sorely miss it;
But promise, song, or kiss, now pray what is it
On April day?"

Singing and laughing through the wood I came
That April day,
Until a clear, strong voice sang back again:
"O April day!
This girl of smiles and tears, this little rover,
With pleasant jesting does her heart discover.
Thy mirth is wisdom; I, her happy lover;
Thou, April—May."

He clasped my hand, and through the wood we went
That April day,
Singing like robins in our glad content
That April day.
O golden sunshine, and O silver raining!
O earnest jesting, and O sweet complaining!
Two happy hearts stood watching daylight's waning
That April day.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE PODMORES THINK OF EMIGRATION.

It is nine o'clock when Alexis leaves the prison, the latest hour to which he can, by any stretch of authority, be allowed to remain. It is a moonless night, with a drizzling rain, and the road is wet and muddy.

In going back to the Coach and Horses he has to pass Lancaster Lodge, and here something arrests his attention. It is a cab loaded with boxes standing before the lodge-gate. He sees this vehicle from a little way off, and it has driven through the Bar before he reaches the lodge door.

He rings the bell sharply.

"Who is that just gone away in a cab?" he asks.

"Mr. Podmore, Sir, the butler," answers the woman at the lodge.

"Do you know where he is going?"

"To the railway station, Sir."

"Yes, of course. But where afterward?"

"I don't know for certain, Sir, but I think I heard Mrs. Podmore—she came to pack her husband's things—make mention of Liverpool. I believe it's his 'ome, Sir."

"But his wife and children lived in this town, didn't they? What do you mean by Liverpool being his home?"

"Yes, Sir, they lived here, Podmore being in service here, but they was only lodgers. I believe Liverpool is his 'ome when he is at 'ome."

"When does the train go?"

"At half past nine, Sir."

"And where can I get a cab?"

"None nearer than the Coach and Horses."

"Thanks."

Alexis looks at his watch. There is just time for him to walk the distance at his fastest, and he would rather trust his own legs than wait for a fly to be got ready at the Coach and Horses, always a slow business. He is at the station just as the bell rings. The platform is clear—no sign of Podmore or Podmore's family. Alexis runs along the carriages, catches a glimpse of the Podmore household, almost snowed up in bandboxes and bundles, in a second-class carriage, and then jumps into a carriage himself, calling to a porter to get his ticket. There is no time to get a ticket, and Alexis has to defer that operation till the next station. He is hardly in the carriage when the train starts. At Krampston he sees the Podmore troop struggling on the platform: a slatternly woman in a trailing shawl, with a frowzy bonnet hanging to the back of her head; two bare-legged children hanging to the long shawl; Podmore, hurried and excited, trying to do two things at once, namely, to look after his luggage, and to inquire what train he is to take for Liverpool.

"Ten fifteen," gasps a guard, without looking at the engineer; "second platform on the right, change at Wandlethorpe, change at Spilbury."

Alexis hears this, and follows the Podmore party at a respectful distance. He waits to see Podmore take tickets for Liverpool, sees him and his belongings safely shipped in another second-class carriage, both children crying, and Mrs. Podmore frantic about a missing bandbox, and then he hurries to the telegraph office, and sends the following message to Mr. Levison, at the Coach and Horses, Redcastle:

"Podmore is off to Liverpool with family. This looks like a bolt. I am after him. Telegraph your instructions to the Washington Hotel."

This done, Mr. Secretan takes a second-class ticket for Liverpool, and gets into the compartment adjoining that occupied by the Podmores, whence come sounds of infantine wailing and wifely remonstrance, and the husky tones of Podmore as if in pacification of these avenging spirits.

Wandlethorpe Junction, at midnight, is about as dismal a place as a student of the hideous need care to behold. It is on the bank of an inky canal, and coal barges and railway trucks seem to be mixed up in hopeless entanglement. Huge cranes stand up in iron ugliness against night's purple sky. Sidings run off at impossible angles, and unknown lines dip under bridges as if they would take the traveler into the bowels of the earth. Lights are sparsely sprinkled on the gloom, and what lamps there are have a lurid glare, suggestive of the under-world.

Solitary engines block the anxious traveler's way, and snort defiance at him from their sonorous throats, as he tries to cross the labyrinth of iron rails. The soil is coal-dust, and the atmosphere smoke. In the horrible deeps of that infernal world which Dante saw in his midway of life, this last and lowest horror of a railway junction in the coal districts was wanting.

Here, on a dark platform, Alexis is able to keep pretty close to the Podmore family, who are too much occupied with their own affairs to perceive that they are watched. Podmore consoles himself with a tumbler of hot gin and water at the refreshment counter, and gives the same balm to his wife; while the children, with solemn, sleepy faces, resolutely gnaw their way through buns of the most indigestible order.

There is half an hour to wait at Wandlethorpe, and then a journey of an hour in the slowest of trains, through a coaly district, on the border of a canal, brings them to Spilbury, where they arrive in a chilly hour on the edge of night, and where they have again to wait for another train to take them on to Liverpool. It is gray morning when they arrive at that busy port, having wasted more time at junctions than the actual journey has occupied, and having spent more time altogether in the transit than would have been required for a journey from Liverpool to London.

The Podmore family have a weary look as they select their belongings from the heterogeneous contents of the luggage van. The elder child reposes on his father's shoulder; the head of the younger infant hangs helplessly across the mother's arm.

"When does the *Horonoker* sail?" asks Podmore of a porter.

"'Merican steamer. Inquire at the office."

"I hope we're in time," says Mrs. Podmore to her lord. "If we are to go, the sooner we sail the better. We sha'n't do no good dragging about here, spending money in a strange place."

"*Oronoko*," says a man of sea-faring aspect, who has just possessed himself of a huge sea chest; "*Oronoko* for New York. You'd best look sharp if you're going in her, mate. She sails at ten o'clock this morning."

"Ten o'clock?" echoes Podmore. "Then there's time enough to get a bit of breakfast, any-how."

"And I'm that faint I'm ready to drop," adds his wife, plaintively. "Such dragging about as we've gone through, I never did. I feel as if I'd been travelin' for a week at a stretch; and as dizzy in my poor head—"

"Hold your jaw!" says Podmore, sternly; "there never was such a woman to whine. You're wuss than the childring."

Podmore arranges with a porter for the conveyance of his boxes, inquires for a decent coffee-house at which he may breakfast, and then leaves the station, his wife straggling after him, clutching a child with one arm and a bandbox with the other, and trailing her gown through the Liverpudlian mud, which is a compound *sui generis*, and a little worse than any thing to be found at the East End of London.

Alexis follows the family party to a side street near the station, and into a coffee-house, in whose dusky window three empty breakfast-cups, a stale muffin, two yellow-looking eggs, and a plate of water-cress are suggestive of the temperate refreshment to be obtained within.

Mr. Podmore is just seating himself at a table, in a corner, when Alexis taps him on the shoulder.

"I think you'd better have a private room, Mr. Podmore," he says, "for I want a little chat with you while you are eating your breakfast."

Podmore stares with a bewildered air.

"Did you ring, Sir?" he asks; and then, recalling his scattered senses, "I beg your pardon, Sir, I haven't the honor of your acquaintance."

"Oh yes you have, Mr. Podmore, and you'll know more of me before we've done with each other. Waiter, can we have a private room?" asks Alexis, appealing to a sleepy youth in a white apron, who is making a good deal of unnecessary clatter with some cups and saucers in the endeavor to keep himself awake.

"Yes, Sir, convenient room up stairs, families and private parties. This way, Sir."

"Now then, Mr. Podmore," says Alexis.

"But really!" remonstrates Podmore.

Alexis half pushes him up the stairs, following close upon his heels. The wife follows, dragging her children after her. When they are all safe inside the room, Alexis turns to the waiter and whispers,

"Go and fetch the cleverest police officer in Liverpool, and let him wait outside this door till I want him. I'll take care of you if you look sharp about it."

"I'm fly," answers the youth, brightening at the prospect of excitement and remuneration. "Case of 'bezzlement, I suppose, Sir? I'll get you the right kind of man in a quarter of an hour, if you can keep your party quiet till then."

"Ham and eggs and coffee for four," says Alexis, aloud, as he enters the private room—a musty den, redolent of the meals that have been consumed within the last month. The atmosphere without not being much purer than the atmosphere within, opening the window to admit fresh air is but a choice of evils.

"Now, Sir," says Podmore, plucking up his spirit and assuming a defiant air, "may I ask by what authority you take me and my family in hand, and order us up to this here room—"

"For which we shall have to pay hextra," interjects Mrs. Podmore, shrill with indignation.

"And ordering of our breakfastes."

"'Am and eggs is no choice of mine," protests Mrs. Podmore. "If they're in, I would rather have a Yarmouth bloater."

"Who are you, Sir, may I ask, to take all this upon yourself?" inquires Podmore, finally.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Podmore. I am the husband of a lady you know something about; a lady you have known as Miss Sibyl Faunthorpe. That lady has been accused most unjustly of being concerned in the murder of her uncle, and what I am here to do is to find the murderer."

"You won't find him here!" shrieks Mrs. Podmore, at which maternal outburst the two children set up their loudest wail, the youngest crying his hardest with all his fingers in his mouth, and his innocent nose streaming sympathetically.

"I don't know any thing about the murderer," says Podmore, doggedly.

"Oh yes you do," replies Alexis, resolutely. "You know so much that you are either a principal or an accomplice. That is why you have left Redcastle, stealthily, under cover of night, although bound to appear as a witness at the adjourned inquest. That is why you are on your way to America. And let me tell you, Mr. Podmore, that an accessory before the fact is a principal; and that if you knew that this deed was to be done, and stood by while it was done—"

"I didn't. I didn't know it. I was as innocent as that baby there."

"Then why have you tried to get away? Come, Mr. Podmore, if your share in this work is not that of a principal, if you can clear yourself from actual participation in the crime, or consent to it, the best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it. Help me to prove my wife's innocence, and I'll stand your friend through thick and thin."

"I may have better friends than you," grumbles Podmore, with a dogged air. "Friends as willing to help me and better able to do it."

"Yes," cries Alexis, at a venture, "such a friend as Mr. Pilgrim, who gave you the money to go to New York; who wants to get you out of the way; who poisoned Stephen Trenchard with your knowledge and consent."

The bow drawn at a venture has sent its shaft home. Alexis can see that in the butler's face. Mrs. Podmore sits by, open-eyed, open-mouthed, horror depicted in her countenance. Whatever the butler's secret may be, it is evident that his wife has not shared it.

"Not with my knowledge, nor yet with my consent," cries Podmore, affrightedly.

"But he did it, and you knew that he did it. After the fact, perhaps, in which case you'd better turn queen's evidence. Come, Mr. Podmore, your only chance lies in candor. This attempt to get away from the country is in itself enough to condemn you. You had access to your master all through the night. You gave him his medicine. Who so likely as you to have given the fatal dose? Come, I have a police officer waiting outside this door with a warrant for your arrest."

"Run and look outside, Liz; this here's only bluster," says Podmore. But before his wife can reach the door, Alexis has turned the key and put it into his pocket.

"Neither you nor your wife leaves this room till you've told me all you know about Stephen Trenchard's death."

"Podmore," cries the wife, distractedly, "what have you been and done? What disgrace and trouble have you gone and brought on your innocent wife and children? This is all along of drink, Podmore. I always said you'd bring us to the work-house, but I didn't suppose you'd bring yourself to the scaffold."

"Hold your noise, you lunatical idiot!" roars Podmore. "I've done nothing to bring me to harm, but I may know somethink about them that have."

"Remember that to help or comfort a murderer, or to conceal his crime, is to become an accessory after the fact, Mr. Podmore," says Alexis.

"Tell what you know, Podmore, and clear yourself!" cries the wife, clasping her hands. "Clear yourself, and clear your innocent wife and children. I never did like the looks of this sudden scuffling of us off to New York. It's all very well to emigrant, but I like to emigrant at my leisure. Not a thing fit to put on me or the children is there in them boxes, and not so much as a bottle of Daffy for baby. A nice thing to have this blessed innocent in convulsions with his teeth o' board ship, and me that seasick I couldn't do nothink for him!"

"Hold your tongue, Liza!" exclaims the ex-butler, testily. "Come now," he says, turning to Alexis, "if I tell what I've got to tell, am I to be kept clear of the law?"

"Yes, if it's in my power, or in the power of Levison and Levison to clear you."

"And what am I to get for standing by you, and helping you to clear your wife—Miss Sibyl Faunthorpe that was?"

"Every thing."

"That ain't definite enough for me. I want five hundred pounds to set me up in the public line. Hang New York! I ain't going to be pitched and tossed across the Atlantic if I can get myself comfortably provided for at home. Give me a written undertaking to pay me five hundred pounds if I get your wife clear off. Take me round to a lawyer's office, and do it all in legal form—scundem hartem, as a master of mine used to say—and I'll go back to Redcastle with you, and bear the brunt of having kept something back as I ought to have told. I expect I shall get a twelvemonth for it, but I sha'n't so much mind that if I've got a snug bit of capital to fall back upon."

"Podmore!" shrieks the wife.

"You sha'n't go to prison if Levison and Levison can get you off scot-free," says Alexis. "And now we'd better get back to Redcastle as fast as we can, and the agreement can be drawn up there by Mr. Levison."

"Oh, come now! when you've got me back you won't care about the agreement. I'm not such a fool as to walk into a trap of that sort."

"If you don't come of your own free-will, you'll have to come in custody," replies Alexis, firmly. "It wasn't an empty threat of mine about the police officer. He's outside."

He has heard a firm foot on the stair. He turns the key, opens the door a little way, and looks out. Yes, there stands the officer, steady as a rock.

"The gentleman outside is ready to take you into custody, Podmore," says Alexis, "unless you accept my offer and come back quietly with me. As a proof of good faith, I am prepared to hand you fifty pounds, on account of the five hundred."

He produces his purse and takes out a bank-note for fifty pounds. He had written to his bankers for a supply of ready cash on the day of his arrival at Redcastle, knowing that the sinews of war would be needed at this juncture.

The sight of the crisp new note and of the officer waiting outside has a wonderful effect upon Podmore. He looks at his wife dubiously, contemplates his children, whose tears have been dried by their mother's judicious administration of peppermint rock, and who are now engaged in looking out of the window, and printing impressions of their sticky paws upon the dingy glass.

"I don't want to go to New York, no more don't she," he says, with a jerk of his head toward his wife; "but we've sent all our traps on board, and it'll be very awkward—"

"All awkwardness can be got over by the expenditure of a pound or two. Here are five sovereigns for Mrs. Podmore. She can see to the recovery of the luggage, and bring it back to Redcastle by a later train. We had better catch the next that starts."

The golden coin has a pacifying effect upon Mrs. Podmore's nerves. She takes the sovereigns up one by one, and turns them over, rings them on the table, and finally ingulfs them in a greasy-looking leather purse.

Podmore is thoughtful, but consentient. Alexis says a few words to the officer, and that functionary accompanies Mr. Secretan and his charge to the railway station, sees them comfortably into their carriage, and there leaves them, satisfied with the modest honorarium which Alexis slips into his palm at the last moment.

The train once started, Alexis feels quite capable of dealing with Mr. Podmore single-handed.

CHAPTER LV.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

The adjourned inquiry is again resumed before the Coroner, two days after the return of Alexis from Liverpool, with his companion, the butler, whom he has contrived to keep snugly hidden under Robert Faunthorpe's roof, where Podmore, his wife and children, have been boarded and lodged, and kept in custody by the faithful Hester, who watches her charges as a cat watches a mouse.

"Remember you are not one of you to put so much as your noses out of doors till I come for you," says Alexis, impressively. "Not a creature in Redcastle is to know of your return till the right moment."

"As long as I have my meals regular I'm satisfied," replies Podmore. "I never was a prowler about the streets."

So the Podmore family occupy the kitchen at Dr. Faunthorpe's, and no one outside the doctor's house knows any thing about these extra inmates.

Alexis and Mr. Levison have crossed each other on the railroad, and that gentleman has returned from a bootless journey to the Washington, considerably out of temper. He has reconciled himself, however, to this wasted expedition in finding what his client has done.

Joel Pilgrim is still at the Coach and Horses, where he lives well, and seems to enjoy life. He plays billiards, and makes himself eminently agreeable to the youth of Redcastle, Fred Stormont included; but he complains loudly of his detention in the town, on account of this sad business of his old friend's mysterious death, while his own affairs need his presence in Calcutta.

"This dawdling old Coroner may drag the inquiry out for the next month," he says, "and at last arrive at the conclusion that my poor friend was poisoned by some person or persons unknown. I don't see that there's evidence enough to bring the crime home to that poor girl, and it seems a hard thing that a young and lovely woman should be placed in such a position."

Frederick sighs, and shakes his head, and shrugs his shoulders.

"It is hard," he says; "and I've positively worshiped that girl, you know—devoted myself to her quite awfully. And now to find that there was a husband in the background all the while! Shows a want of candor, you know."

"Proves an artful disposition, certainly," replies Mr. Pilgrim; "but if every artful young woman took to disposing of people with prussic acid, there'd be an alarming decrease in the population."

"True," says Fred. "Well, I'm sure I hope she didn't do it, poor thing. But I'm sorry to say the opinion of the town is against her."

He says this with an air which implies that to be condemned by public opinion in Redcastle is to have received sentence from a supreme tribunal, and to be found guilty at a bar from which there is no court of appeal.

"I really feel for her, you know," says Fred, as he prostrates himself upon the green cloth to aim at a distant ball; "but the town thinks badly of the case. She had the poison in her possession, you know, and she ran away, you know. It's difficult to avoid making four out of two such twos."

"Looks suspicious, certainly," replies Mr. Pilgrim.

"As far as the running away goes, she might have done that to avoid marrying you, certainly," says Fred, reflectively.

"That would have been a very childish proceeding," answers Joel. "She had only to tell me the truth, and all question of marriage would have been at an end."

"But women do odd things sometimes, you know. They're apt to get wrong in their heads when they're frightened."

"I don't think Sibyl is that sort of girl; she must have been a very cool hand to come here to her uncle—the wife of a man whose name he detested, and pass herself off as a single woman, and play her cards to inherit a fortune."

"True," says Frederick, despondently, and his opinion of Sibyl is a little worse than it was before Mr. Pilgrim undertook her defense.

It is just possible that Mr. Pilgrim would not remain at Redcastle quite so patiently were it not for a suspicion on his part that a certain shabby little man in black, who hangs about the public rooms of the hotel, and spends a good deal of his time in the hall and porch, and contrives always to be in the way when Mr. Pilgrim goes out, nay, even happens to have business or pleasure that takes him exactly the same way, has been set as a watch upon somebody's movements, and that any attempt to hasten his intended journey to Calcutta might be attended with unpleasant consequences. Whatever perils may surround Mr. Pilgrim's path will be the best overcome by a calm adherence to his present policy, or, at least, so argues that gentleman; and he quietly awaits the conclusion of the examination in which his evidence is required.

On this bright summer morning the same crowd is again gathered in the well-known assembly-room—a room famous for town and county balls, for concerts, and fancy fairs, and other local festivities, but affording a scene of more absorbing interest to-day than the most aristocratic of dances or charity bazars.

Mrs. Stormont is there again, with her constant ally, Mrs. Groshen, wearing the same veils and bonnets, and seated in the same sheltered corner near the reporters' table. There is Mr. Levison sitting near the corner, with that Memnon's head of his, stony and inexpressive, but certainly not given to melodious breathings at sunrise or any other time. There sits Sibyl, pale as marble and calm as a statue, her husband standing behind her chair.

To-day there are fresh witnesses to be examined—so runs the rumor—and there is an eager curiosity about these new witnesses and the evidence they may give.

The first witness called is Bathsheba Skinner, spinster, lately cook and housekeeper in the employment of the deceased.

"What can that woman have to say about the case?" mutters Joel Pilgrim to Colonel Stormont, who is standing next him.

"Not much, I should think, unless she poisoned him in one of her curries," replies the colonel. "Doocid good curries they were."

Bathsheba Skinner is sworn, and stands up before the assembly, vinegar-faced, but eminently respectable, with black kid gloves, a trifle too long in the fingers, on her industrious hands, and a pictorial brooch a little smaller than a cheese-plate clasping her rusty black lace shawl.

"You were in the habit of preparing all nourishment that was taken up to Mr. Trenchard's room," says the Coroner, after a few preliminary questions; "broths, arrowroot, and so on?"

"Yes, Sir, I did it all with my own hands. There was many things I might have left to the kitchen-maid, but I felt it was my duty to see to it myself. There was not a thing in the way of beef tea, or jelly, or tapioca, or arrowroot, that went up to Mr. Trenchard which was not prepared by my own hands."

"And are you sure that nothing of a poisonous nature entered into any of these things?"

"As sure as I am that I'm alive, Sir."

"Come, you may have used essences to flavor your jelly, or your tapioca. Essential oil of almonds, or, at any rate, essence of almonds. That is a favorite flavoring with cooks, and a dangerous one. Didn't you use essence of almonds to flavor Mr. Trenchard's jelly?"

"I hadn't a drop in the house, Sir. I never have held with such stuff. When I want almond flavoring I use the best Jordans at two shillings a pound; but I know my business better than to use almond flavoring of any kind for an invalid. Invalid cookery can't be too simple."

"You did not even use bitter almonds, or ratafia, peach kernels, or any thing of that kind?"

"No, Sir."

"You slept on the same floor as Podmore, the butler, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir; my room was next to his."

"Did you hear any thing remarkable, any unusual stir or movement—in short, any thing at all out of the common course in Podmore's room, or on the stairs leading to Podmore's room, during the night of your master's death?"

"Well, Sir, I did hear something which struck me at the time as curious, and yet it might mean nothing. I mentioned it afterward to Podmore, and he put me down—"

"You mustn't tell us what you said to Podmore, or how he answered you. That isn't evidence. We want to know what you heard on the night of the 23d of June."

"Well, Sir, I am a light sleeper at all times, and perhaps I was extra wakeful on that night on account of the wedding that was fixed for next day. It was to be quite a quiet wedding, and there was no breakfast ordered, but I'd cooked a tongue and a pair of fowls, and made a jelly and a cream or two, and boiled a bit of salmon for a *mayonnaise*, and got every thing in order to put a pretty little luncheon on the table, and the fag and worry of that had overtired me, so that I got very little sleep. It was broad daylight, and I was just dropping off, when I heard Podmore get up and go down stairs in his creaky slippers. 'He's gone down to give master his medicine,' says I to myself; 'I won't try to go to sleep no more till he comes up again, or else he'll be startling me just as I'm dropping off comfortable again. He won't be gone above five minutes.' Well, I waited and waited, but instead of being gone five minutes as usual, it was a good half hour before Podmore came up stairs again."

"Did you look at your watch?" asks a precise juryman.

"Lor', no, Sir, but I can guess a half hour as well as any one. I've got into the way of it over my roasting; a good cook knows the value of time. It was a full half hour before Podmore came up, and then he came up ever so slowly, holding to the banister, and his footstep was as heavy as lead. And when he got into his room he flung himself down on his bed, and gave a groan. 'What was the matter with you last night?' I asked him at breakfast-time. At first he didn't seem as if he understood what I meant, but when I told him I'd heard him groaning, he said he'd had an attack of spasms, and he'd been down to the pantry to look for some mustard for a poultice. I didn't think much more of it after that, and an hour later the house was all upset by my master's death. But I've thought of it since many times."

"Do you know what time it was when Podmore went down stairs?"

"It was a few minutes after five. I'd heard the stable clock strike a little before. And I took particular notice on account of its being just an hour late for Mr. Trenchard's medicine, for four o'clock was the hour at which he ought to have took it."

"There was nothing else you remarked that night?"

"No, Sir."

"I think that will do."

"I beg your pardon," interposes Mr. Levison; "I should like to ask the witness one or two questions. Pray will you be kind enough, Mrs. Skinner, to tell the jury of a conversation which you heard outside Mr. Trenchard's door on the last evening but one before his death?"

"I did certainly overhear a conversation, Sir."

"What can any such conversation, or any eavesdropping whatever, have to do with the question at issue?" cries Joel Pilgrim, livid with anger or fear. The change in his countenance is noticed by every one, just as the less marked change during the last examination was noticed by a few.

"We shall see how far the conversation is relevant, Sir," replies the Coroner, "when Mrs. Skinner has answered Mr. Levison's question."

"I did hear a conversation, Sir, between my master and Mr. Pilgrim," says Mrs. Skinner, with a vindictive look at Joel, "but I was not eavesdropping. I've lived too long in the best of families to be an eavesdropper, or to be suspected of being such by any gentleman calling himself a gentleman. What I heard that night I heard promiscuous, and I staid to hear no more than reached my ears promiscuous as I went past Mr. Trenchard's door."

Mrs. Skinner goes on to relate the conversation which she had described to Alexis on his visit to Lancaster Lodge.

"Gentlemen," cries Joel, vehemently, "this is an abominable fabrication, prompted by some hidden influence. No such conversation took place. My— Mr. Trenchard held no such threat over me. Mrs. Skinner must have been a long time crossing the landing to hear all this, gentlemen of the jury. I tell you that she could not have heard it in that time; she did not hear it at any time; but she invented it, or it has been invented for her—"

"Mr. Pilgrim, I really can not allow this," says the Coroner.

"You will better appreciate Mr. Pilgrim's warmth when you have heard the next witness," says Mr. Levison.

A faint flush of color warms Sibyl's marble cheek. She feels as if light were coming swiftly through the gloom. Her husband has told her nothing, except to trust in Providence and in him. She has so trusted, and those quiet monotonous days in Redcastle jail are the most peaceful days she has known since she fled from Dixon Street and poverty more than three years ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA.

The battle of Lexington was the signal for depredations all along the New England coast by British ships of war; and very soon private vessels, manned by patriot volunteers, were afloat to protect colonial interests. When intelligence of the first engagement of the war reached Machias, Maine, the British armed schooner *Margaretta* was lying at that port, taking in lumber. A young New Yorker named Joseph Wheaton, then residing at Machias, proposed an expedition to capture the schooner. A large number of men volunteered for the purpose, and taking a sloop, the command of which was given to Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, they engaged the *Margaretta*, and after quite a severe conflict, in which about twenty men were lost on both sides, compelled her to haul down her colors. This took place on the 11th of May, 1775. Captain O'Brien was distinguished by his subsequent naval exploits in command of privateers during the war. His first engagement, which our artist has endeavored to portray in the sketch on our first page, has by general consent been designated as "The Lexington of the Sea."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The State of Arkansas has passed an act, approved November 29, 1875, for the appointment of three Commissioners to consider the subject of the introduction of sea fish into the rivers of Arkansas, and of new varieties of the fresh-water species, as well as the protection of fish generally in Arkansas waters, and report on the same to the next session of the Legislature. The gentlemen appointed as Fish Commissioners were Messrs. M. H. Dunn, of Pine Bluffs, J. R. Stedman, of Little Rock, and N. B. Pearce, of Fayetteville.

The death of M. Thomé de Gamond, the originator of the Channel Tunnel enterprise, took place in February last, at the age of seventy-eight. He was born in Paris in 1798, and was educated in Holland, where he paid much attention to the subject of hydrography. His idea of the tunneling of the Channel was kept up persistently by him, and brought before the public in a great variety of ways.

The ring nebula in Lyra has been carefully studied by Professor Holden, of Washington, with the 26-inch equatorial of the Naval Observatory, and complete measures made, which have been compared with previous measures since 1788. These comparisons seem to show that the brighter patches to be seen in the ring itself and the small star inside the ring may probably be variable.

The death of Professor Nils Peter Angelin, the author of numerous memoirs on the geology and paleontology of Sweden, and for many years the superintendent of the paleontological department of the Royal Museum at Stockholm, took place on the 13th of February in Stockholm, at the age of seventy.

Deville and Debray, obtaining pure platinum and iridium in quantity, have found for these metals rather higher densities than are commonly ascribed to them. The platinum has a specific gravity of 21.5, while that of iridium is 22.421. An alloy containing 85 per cent. of platinum to 15 of iridium, with density 21.618, was found to be very ductile and malleable, and yet quite rigid. Probably it would be useful in the arts. An alloy containing only 66.67 per cent. of platinum, on the other hand, was not malleable.

Some interesting observations have been made by Cailletet in burning different substances under pressure. He finds that pressure slightly augments the temperature at which combustion occurs, and that the luminous and actinic rays emitted by the burning body are considerably intensified. When a candle is made the subject of experiment, the base of the flame, ordinarily bluish and transparent, becomes white and very luminous. Soon, however, clouds of smoke are formed, due to incomplete combustion. Under similar circumstances, the flame of phosphorus is not sensibly augmented in brilliancy, but sulphur, potassium, alcohol, and carbon disulphide burn much more vividly than in free air.

Schmankewitsch announces an interesting fact in regard to the variation of animal species, in studying the *Artemia salina* from the salt marshes of Odessa—a crustacean known from its power of resisting the influence of concentrated brine. At the beginning of his observations, owing to the rupture of a dike, the quantity of salt in the ponds was quite small, but after repairing, the concentration proceeded very rapidly, and what began as a typical *Artemia salina* was gradually modified from generation to generation, so that in a few years the animal lost its caudal lobes, and then presented all the specific characters of a second species, the *Artemia mulhausenii*.

In an inverse experiment, or passing from a greater to a less degree of concentration, the *Artemia mulhausenii* was made to return to the form of *A. salina*. In further illustration of this subject, the author gives reasons for believing that the entire genus *Artemia* is only a degraded form of *Branchipus*, a fresh-water form, changed possibly by a transfer to a saline medium.

The result of the experiment of the winter of 1874–75 in the shipment of salmon eggs from England to Australia has induced the renewal of the trial during the present season, and in *Land and Water* of the 8th of January, 1876, we find an account of the efforts of Mr. Buckland to secure a stock from the river Dart and other northern streams. Mr. Buckland hopes, with the assistance of Mr. Youl, to obtain a goodly supply, and thinks that, by taking advantage of the experience of the previous year, a more satisfactory result may be had. The experiment, however, at best is a doubtful one, owing to the fact that a number of months are required for the transmission, and to the necessity of retarding the development by exposure to a very considerable and possibly dangerous degree of cold.

It was for this reason that the United States Fish Commissioner offered, some time ago, to the authorities of Australia and New Zealand a supply of eggs of the California salmon; and a suitable stock, packed by Mr. Livingston Stone, and shipped through Mr. Kaeding, of San Francisco, arrived in Australia in excellent condition, and will, it is hoped, result eventually in furnishing a great desideratum to the southern hemisphere.

The example set by Professor Agassiz in establishing the Summer School of Natural History at Penikese continues to find numerous followers. We have announced the summer schools at Cambridge, Cornell, Salem, etc., and now have to report still another, to consist of a scientific expedition in the mountains of East Tennessee, to include marching on foot, accompanied by tents and partly by boats. Students will be encouraged to make collections in various branches of natural history while on the march, in which they will receive suitable supervision. Proper arrangements will be made for transporting the objects that may be gathered during the journey.

The route will include Indianapolis and Louisville, Mammoth Cave, Lexington, Wild-cat Mountain, Cumberland Gap, Clinch Mountain, the French Broad, Chattanooga, and Lookout Mountain. This enterprise is under Professor D. S. Jordan, of Indianapolis, assisted by Professor H. E. Copeland and Mr. Ernest Copeland.

The London journals announce the death, on the 4th of February, of Dr. Richard King, the companion of Sir George Back in his travels to the arctic regions in 1833, 1834, and 1835. The narrative published by this gentleman is among the most readable and interesting known in arctic literature. He wrote also quite a number of articles of a medical and sanitary nature, and edited for a time a statistical journal and an ethnological journal.

Deville and Debray find that when a mixture of potassium cyanide and spongy platinum is heated together in the neighborhood of a little water, at about 500° or 600°, a vacuum having first been established, great quantities of hydrogen are evolved, and the well-known platino-cyanide of potassium is formed. The hydrogen is not pure, but contains small quantities of ammonia and from four and a half to twelve per cent. of carbonic oxide.

Dr. Julius Schmidt, director of the Athens Observatory, has lately published the results of his investigations on the variable stars U, W, and X *Sagittarii*. The variations observed in their brightness are of a similar character, as they all have periods in the neighborhood of seven days. These periods, however, are complicated by longer subsidiary cycles of three and a half, eight, and two years respectively. In each case the *increase* in light is more rapid than the *decrease*, the progress from a minimum to the next maximum requiring about three days, and from this maximum to the next minimum about four days. In W *Sagittarii* there is a well-marked secondary maximum and minimum. No adequate physical causes for these changes have yet been assigned. A still more remarkable and inexplicable case of variation has been investigated by Dr. Schmidt in U *Herculis*. The period of this star is between thirty-eight and forty days, but secondary changes having a period of about twelve hours occur throughout a large portion of the main cycle certainly, and possibly throughout the whole duration. These secondary changes are large in amount for the eight or ten days near each minimum, but quite small near the maxima.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One of De Quincey's great faults was his inability to adapt his conversation to the intelligence of his hearer. He would address a servant-maid or a porter in the most extravagant diction. While stopping at Professor Wilson's, he once gave the cook some directions as to the way in which he wished his meat cut, across the grain or fibre, instead of with it, and he delivered himself as follows: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise—so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance—if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form." The humble Scotchwoman, in telling her mistress of it, exclaimed, "Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at."

Served Right.—A would-be swell, wishing for an excuse to speak to a beautiful lady in the street with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket as he approached her, and inquired if she hadn't dropped it. The lady glanced at the handkerchief, nodded assent, took it, thanked him, and marched on, leaving the exquisite to be laughed at by his companions.

What is capital?—Having more money than you know what to do with.

For Spelling Bees.—"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?" "Don't know," said Rob, "unless it's a swearing word." "Pooh!" said Tom; "it is *stumbled*, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter." "Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now I've one for you. I found it one day in the paper. What is the longest word in the English language?" "*Valetudinarianism*," said Tom, promptly. "No, Sir; it's *smiles*, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter." "Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending." "What's that?" asked Rob, faintly. "*Beleaguered*."

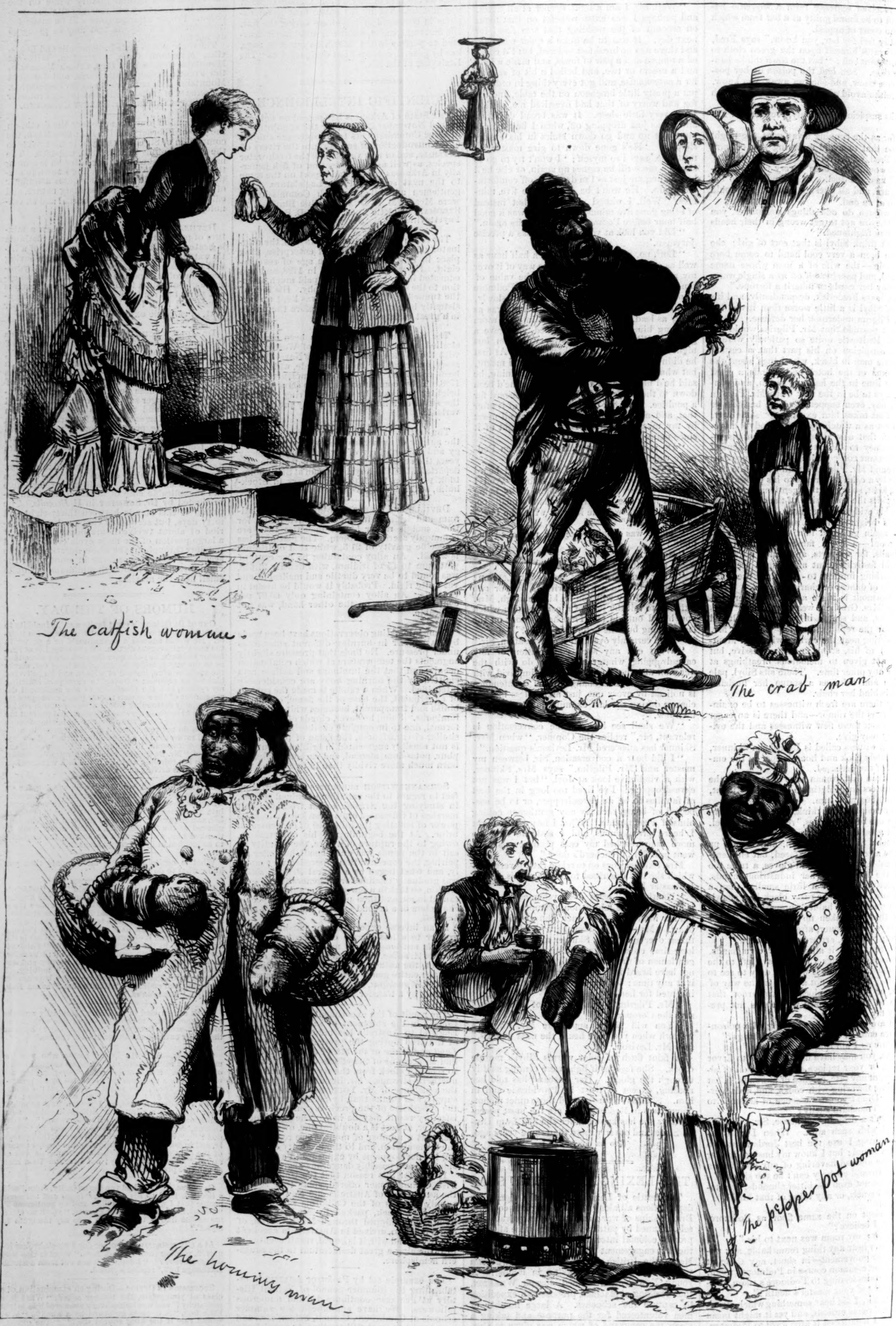
"Ask a man clad in an Ulster," ironically remarks a correspondent, "to come home and dine with you informally, and he invariably declines. Why? Because the Ulster covers a multitude of—old clothes."

Orthodox.—A North Devon rector, who was the master of a rattling pack of hounds, was much in want of a curate. His church-warden, Tozer, paying the market town a visit, was thus accosted by his grocer: "Well, Mr. Tozer, have ye get a coorate yit for Bridgwell?" "Not yit; they don't all suit maister; but here's his advertisement, so I reckon he'll soon get one: 'Wanted, a curate for Bridgwell. Must be a gentleman of moderate and orthodox views.'" "'Orthodox,' Mr. Tozer. What does he mean by 'orthodox?'" "Well," said the church-warden, thoughtfully, and in deep perplexity, knowing the double nature of the curate's duties, which were secular as well as sacred, "I can't exactly say; but I reckon 'tis a man as can ride pretty well."

Cautious.—"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow and no gentleman?" "Na, na, Sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thoughts to mysel'."

At a city restaurant the other day a stock-broker inquired, reading from a bill of fare, "What is this beef *à la financière?*" "I suppose it is a cut from a Stock-Exchange bull," replied a friend.

Succession in Office.—During an examination of a class of youngsters, the teacher asked, "What is a monarchy?" and was immediately answered by a bright little boy, "A country governed by a king." "Who would rule if the king should die?" "The queen." "And if the queen should die, who then would be ruler?" "The knave," was the reply.

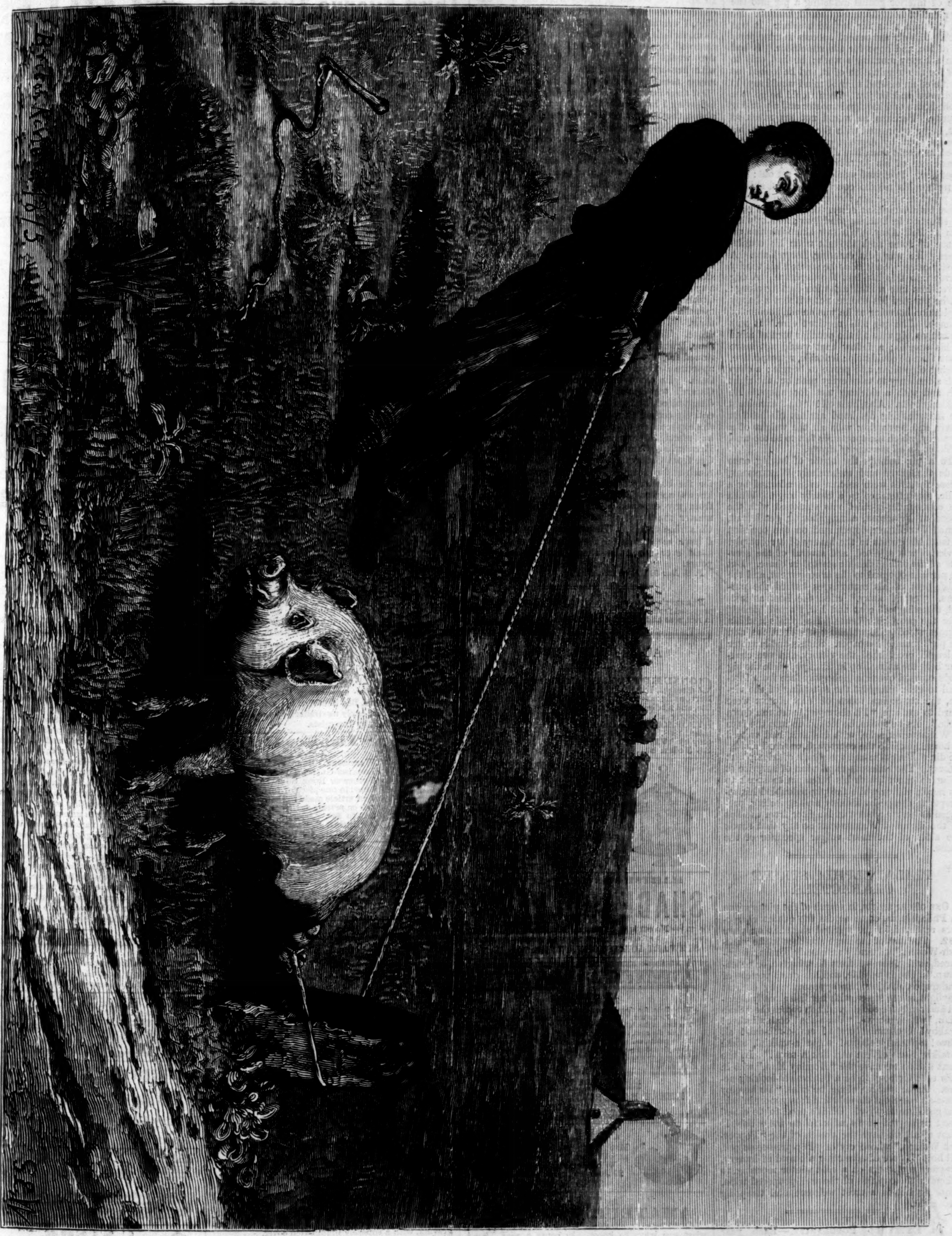

The catfish woman
The crab man
The hominy man
The pepper pot woman

PHILADELPHIA STREET CHARACTERS.—Drawn by F. H. Schell.—[See Page 294.]

CROSS-PURPOSES.

THERE is something in the nature of a pig that renders it almost impossible for him to accommodate himself to circumstances with which he is not familiar. Leave him alone in his native sty, supply him with a liberal allowance of food, and he will develop into bacon without his depravity becoming patent to the world. Bring him outside the limits of his original confinement, and, behold! he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. His brain can not grasp the necessities of a novel situation; he is sluggish, obstinate, opinionated, unsocial, and utterly opposed to traveling. Thus when it becomes desirable to transport him to foreign parts, his unwillingness must be supplemented by great tact and talent on the part of the individual who has him in convoy. His intellectual development is not great, but he possesses a sort of malevolent cunning that reveals to him numberless methods of resisting all attempts at persuading him to move in the right direction. One of his favorite manœuvres is depicted in the engraving on this page. The youth in question is evidently a novice, unaware of the difficulties attending the business in which he is engaged; and it is fair to prophesy that in the struggle with piggy the eccentricities of the brute will exhaust the patience as well as the muscles of his driver long before their destination is reached.

LEIGH HUNT was among the first to call attention to the talent by which alone porcine nature can be controlled when in locomotion. In his admirable essay on the "Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving," he says: "The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general or a stage-manager, or at least the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his fate; pig-headed wills and proceedings hopeless. To see the hand with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat and proportion a pasty with a more final eye! 'The whales,' quoth old CHAPMAN, speaking of Neptune, 'exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.' The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but 'more in sorrow than in anger.' They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onward, irresistibly compelled by fate and Jenkins. Often they would have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye on all the little outlets of escape, but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoul-



CROSS-PURPOSES.

ders and eschewing the tip end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances, not a few anticipative squeaks and sudden rushes of avoidance. But it was a superfluous sort of clutter, and they felt it. Watch these animals in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil drives them. By their demeanor, under these trying circumstances, judge of the talents of the driver."

The same author tells us: "We beheld a man once of inferior genius inducting a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield, London. He had got him thus far toward market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it, and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to a public-house and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey, and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skillful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Duckingpond Row; masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought upon his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation darting along; but he pursued his course, not without a happy trepidation hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the right one, and with a sidelong tact for alleys. He suddenly bolts. Alas, he is off! 'Oh!' exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head in agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy, which the spectators felt to be too true, '*He'll go up all manner of streets!*'"

To a pig belongs the honor of having once made the grave and melancholy WASHINGTON, whose features were seldom even adorned by a smile, give utterance to a hearty laugh. When the commander-in-chief was stationed with the troops at Princeton, a neighboring gentleman, named VAN HORNE, determined on one occasion to treat his guests to the luxury of a roast pig. A victim was selected, and several of the servants of the establishment started in chase. But the pig was opposed to the arrangement, and the skillfulness of his manœuvres baffled the pursuers. "Stand away," cried the host at last, and, throwing off coat and hat, started himself after the provoking brute. His guests and his negroes stood still, watching his exertions and the pig's manifold escapes. Shouts and laughter at length proclaimed the victory, and the chasseur held the animal up in triumph, while the big drops coursed over his mahogany face from forehead to chin. Amidst the squealing of the victim, the stentorian tones of VAN HORNE were heard to exclaim, "I'll show ye how to run down a pig." As he spoke, he looked up into the face of WASHINGTON, who, with his suit, had trotted on horseback into the court-yard, unheard amidst the din of the chase and the shouts of triumphant success. The ludicrous expression of surprise at being so caught, with his attempts to speak to his heroic visitor while the pig redoubled his attempts to escape by kicking and squealing, produced as hearty a burst of laughter from the lips of the dignified WASHINGTON as any that shook the sides of the most vulgar spectator of the scene.

PHILADELPHIA STREET CHARACTERS.

ONE of our artists, in search of the picturesque in Philadelphia, came across the quaint characters rendered in the spirited sketches on page 292. The first of the large sketches is the "Catfish Woman," generally an elderly person, sharp-faced, sallow, shrewd, from Kensington, or "Fishtown." She is voluble, and has great powers of endurance, making her appearance by earliest daylight in the street, with her fish already cleaned and ready for cooking. Then comes the "Crab Man," with his cry of "Cra-a-abs! crab all alive! crabby! Centennial crabs! crab-a-rab-dab! all alive! spiteful fellows! some a-walkin', some a-talkin'! one of 'em can lick a man!" In the next sketch we have the "Hominy Man," who in this case happens to be a benevolent-looking negro. As he trudges along, he cries, "De hominy ma-a-an come out dis cold and frosty mornin' wid his good homin-y-y-y! Oh, it's good fo' de chile! good as de red cow's milk fo' de little babe!" Last of all, we have the sketch of the "Pepper-pot Woman," whose cry of "Pep-pree-ee-ee pot, all hot!" is sure of attracting a crowd of hungry, freezing customers on a cold winter morning, to whom a tin cup full of the well-peppered tripe, smoking hot, is a most welcome and tempting breakfast.

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Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with hemorrhage from the Lungs, *having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.* In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite *improved*, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied from my experience that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise. Gratefully yours.

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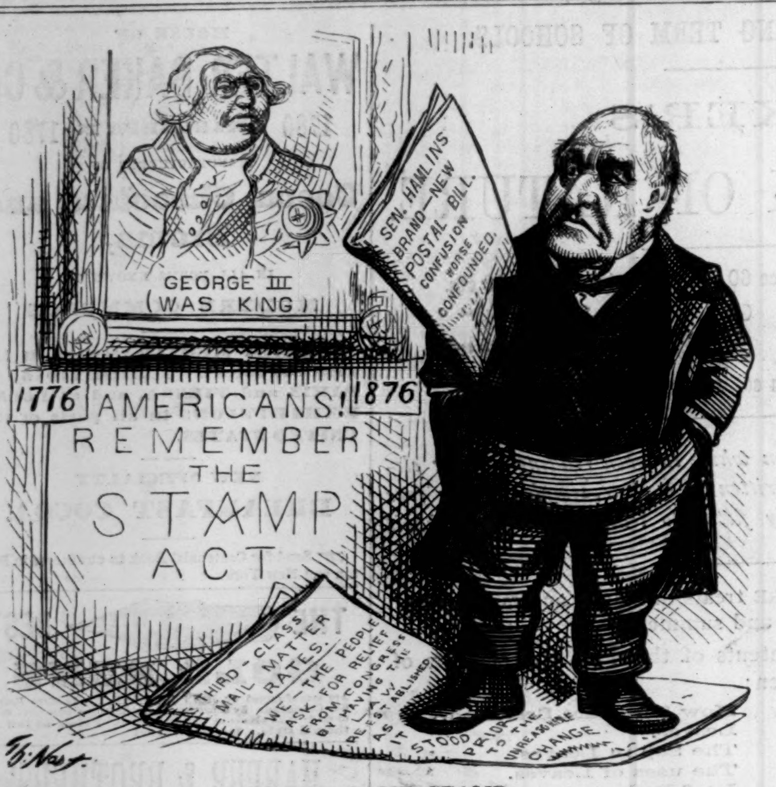
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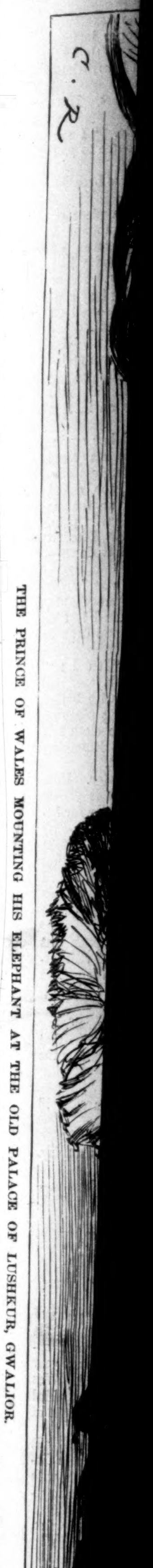


THE PRINCE OF WALES MOUNTING HIS ELEPHANT AT THE OLD PALACE OF LUSHKUR, GWALIOR.

alked up the steps very slow.
Mr. Gilbert's task would be
she could reach the top.
ther objections, she felt her
ious.

experience some vexatious
lack of the proper instru-
ring a little, very softly and
his breath, when Miss Strick-
him,

hammer, Mr. Gilbert. Mrs.
g it to you."

answered, coldly. "I am
Grey, and of course to you
."

I would not have brought
d."

a hammer and a piece of
oddly is life compounded
st overpowering moment of
since that fatal Sunday had
ent alone together. Never
r spoken one voluntary sen-
I have not the art to tell all
s as they stood silent.

did stand a moment. Miss
to turn and go down stairs
as a little giddy, and, raging
necessary agitation, she still
isdom to remain an instant

t glance toward her again.
so. She stood so near him!
im. That meaningless con-
very soul. He, too, called
voked inaudible anathemas
is heart was one wild pain.
she had brought, lifted it
rce, and brought it down—

Strickland. It was hardly
out the tender monosyllable,
lips, spoke so much! She
d instinctively, and drew it
blush.

said Arthur. "It did not
ed he scarcely felt it.

mer once more, with better
odd, rough-looking piece of
aded cloth. The cloth fell
ud of dust rose. Something
e floor at his feet.

here is an old letter. How
e, I wonder? It is yellow
thankful to the letter for be-
im something to say.

dust it was yellow. Eight
here, holding its little secret
closure. And the time had
the address, and saw, in his
bel's name. He opened the
g.

ever did really happen that
still—until it stood still for-
living blood ran ice. But
his veins for a moment.
Miss Strickland.

said, forgetting herself.

r," he said, in a voice that
ce—"do you remember the
ang together?"

Oh—"

ote from me that morning?"
strange voice.

no!"

that I sent you that day.
?"

? That taste of heaven—
aven after a black and bit-
to them alone.

stairs forgot them, except
een minutes passed. Then
eing innately a lady, and no
curiosity and her jealousy,
ps.

akes to remove a piece of
he came up. Some of the
her voice. Irony and ap-
e it well. "We want your
aths for the chancel. Was
success?" This she added
rner and came in sight of

s," Arthur answered. "It
ght, not in gold, but in dia-
tting on Joe's bench, with
as if it had been an impe-

replacing some hair-pins,
of the goddess of morning

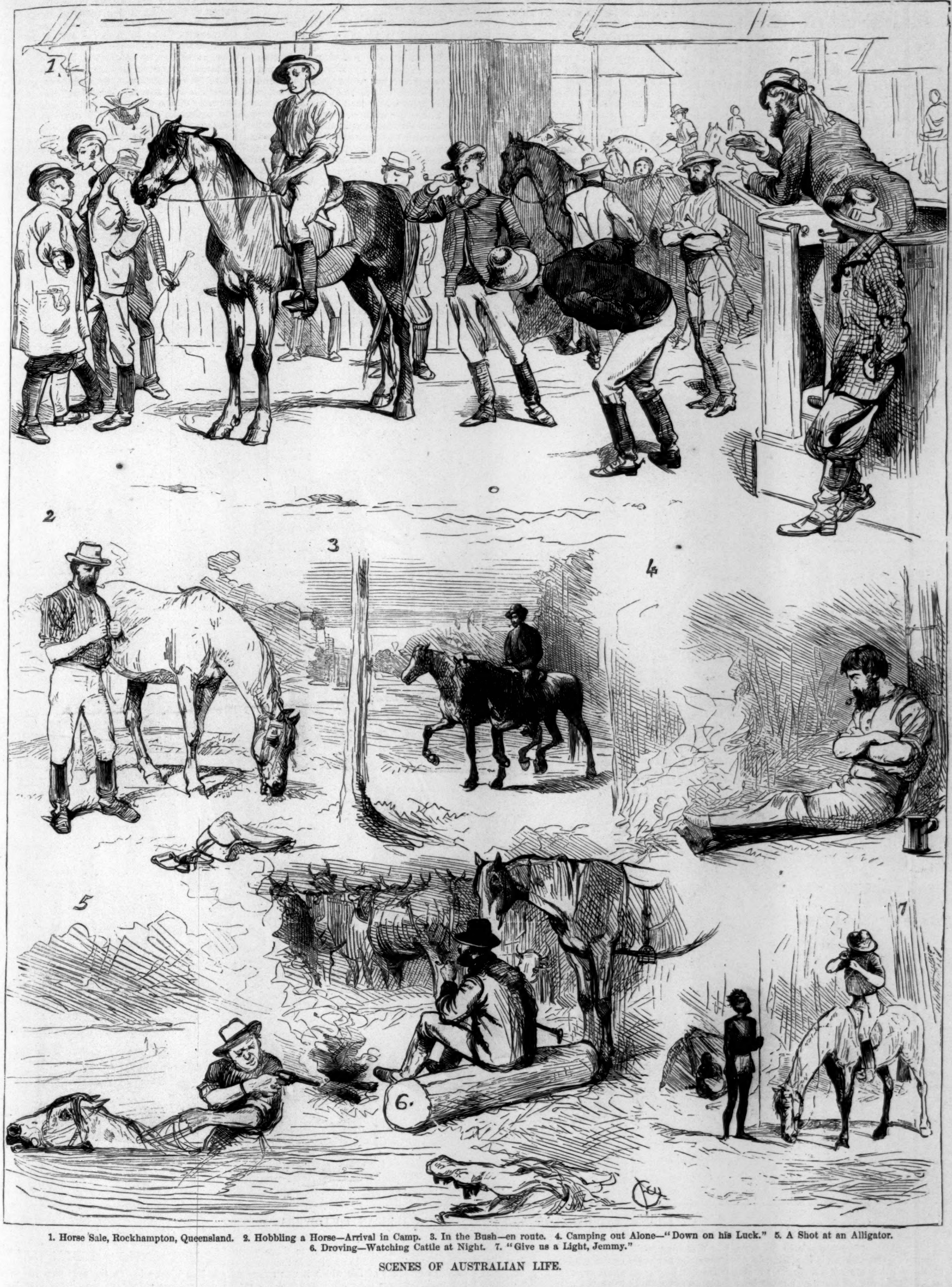
is, Mr. Gilbert enjoyed the
atory interview with the

is inventive powers by any
note, he contrived to learn
th one or two facts which
its fate.

d Joe, "that 'ere piece o'
ow—got loose and tripped
And down I came—bang!
s a-prayin'. I didn't catch
no! he never said a cross
ouldn't."

were explained and com-
opriate expressions, which
emarks were entirely iron-
that, in a zealous mood, he
condition of his bench by
d by nailing over it a strip
. All unconscious of the
from his pocket between
on, he had thus locked up
y to two destinies.

t the donation which re-
n. But still it obtained
is was a mode of express-
merits which he under-



1. Horse Sale, Rockhampton, Queensland. 2. Hobbling a Horse—Arrival in Camp. 3. In the Bush—en route. 4. Camping out Alone—"Down on his Luck." 5. A Shot at an Alligator. 6. Droving—Watching Cattle at Night. 7. "Give us a Light, Jemmy."

SCENES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

SCENES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

CAPTAIN DIRK HARTOG, of the good ship *Endracht*, of Amsterdam, landed upon the western shore of Australia October 25, 1616. This we learn from an inscription on a plate of pewter which was found on the spot in 1801. So far as can be ascertained, this was the first time that any European had set foot on the island. Subsequently, the expedition sent out by the Dutch East India Company to examine the country, with a view to colonization, made a very uncomplimentary report, declaring that it was "the abode of howling evil spirits," a country of "barren coasts, shallow water, islands, thinly peopled by poor and brutal natives, and of very little use to the company."

The settlement of Australia by the British stands in close connection with the war that lost them the thirteen American colonies. That outlet for the banishment of their criminal population being closed, it became a great problem how to get rid of the annual accumulation of roguery. Some exploration having been made, it was finally decided to make use of Australia as a penal colony. The first convict fleet sailed from England in May, 1787, and reached Botany Bay during the following January. This "goodly company" of patriots, who "left their country for their country's good," consisted of 565 men and 192 women, under the charge of a military force, with whom were forty women, wives of the soldiers. The colony proceeded under the most unfavorable circumstances. No agriculturist had been sent to teach the cultivation of the soil to those London pickpockets, whose only harvest field had been the purses of their neighbors. The very supply of mechanics was left to the chances of the previous pursuits of the criminals. As it happened, there were in all but a dozen carpenters and one brick-layer, and not a single mechanic with skill enough to erect a corn mill. Such were the "Pilgrim Fathers" of Australia.

In time numbers of emigrants or free settlers began to find their way to the island; and these were encouraged by receiving from the government grants of land and a certain number of convict laborers, in proportion to the amount of capital they brought with them. The fact of the great body of land in Australia not being adapted to cultivation was compensated by the discovery that its pasturage was the finest in the world for cattle and sheep. The manner in which these early settlers were supplied with stock is very curious. Before the arrival of the first convict ship domestic animals were unknown on the island; the only game was the kangaroo and a few species of birds, and the only specimen of a carnivorous beast was the dingo, or native dog. But these original colonists brought with them a small number of bulls and cows, and the lamentation was great when, six months after their arrival, it was discovered that two of the former and four of the latter animals had strayed away into the bush and could not be recovered. Seven years afterward it was reported by the natives that cattle had been seen grazing on the plains of the interior. An expedition was sent to investigate the matter, and sixty beasts were found feeding in a single herd—the increase of the lost animals. This was the origin of the immense number of cattle which now cover the Australian plains.

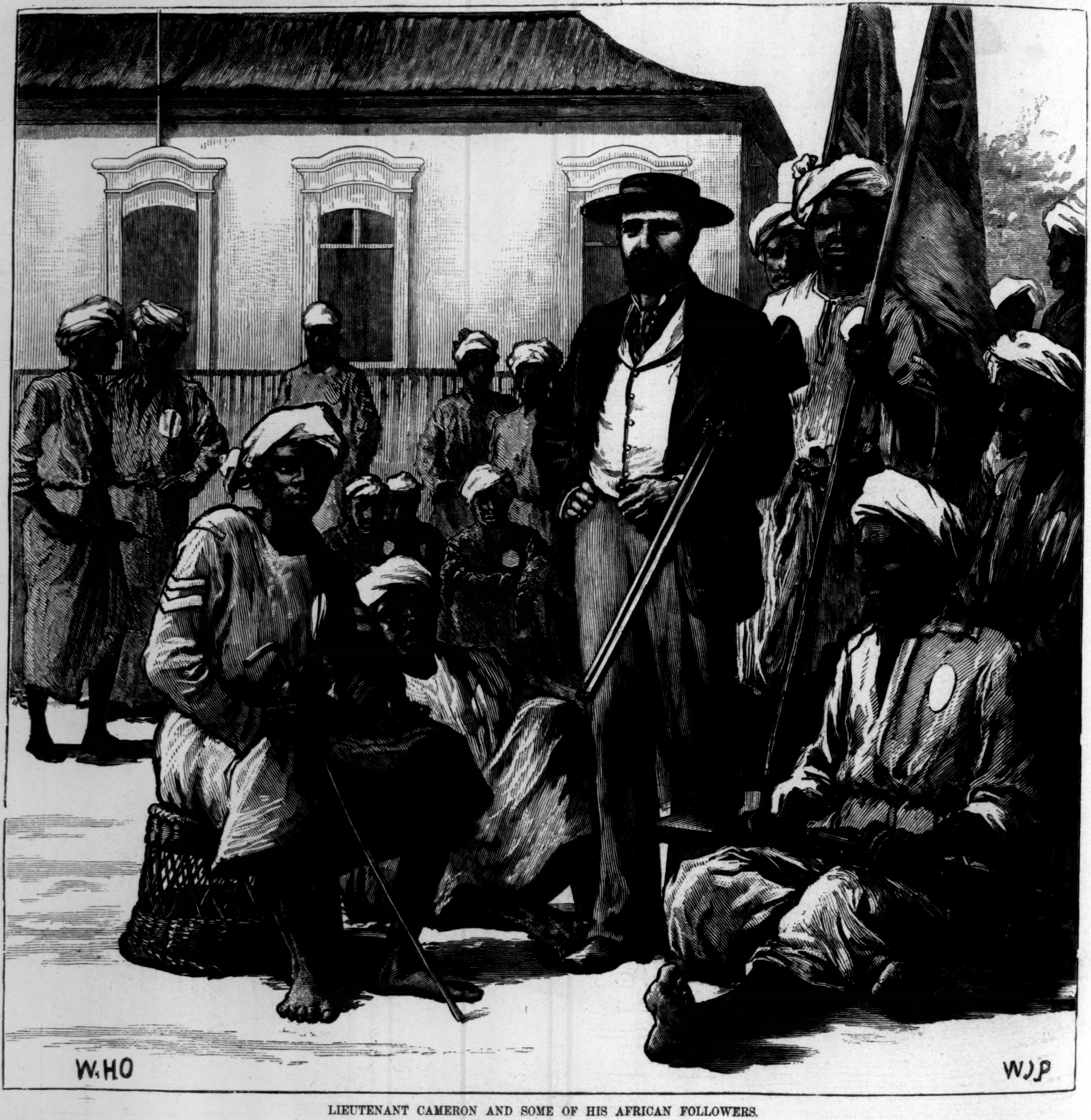
Naturally there is much that is peculiar and interesting in the habits of these rough communities of men dependent upon the business of grazing for an existence, and the artist has made Australian life the subject of a series of sketches, which we give on page 297. In the first drawing we have the picture of a horse sale in the town of Rockhampton, Queensland. The animals offered at these sales are by no means so well broken as those in the old country, but the boys whose business it is to show off the steeds are so expert that they seldom get a fall. This is the more remarkable from the fact that many of the animals are brought straight out of the bush, and often have never had a saddle upon their backs until the day of sale.

In the second drawing we see a stockman about to "hobble" his horse. This operation consists in fastening the fore-legs together with a pair of leather bracelets joined by an iron chain. Thus manacled, the poor animal can not advance in any direction save by a series of awkward jumps, and his master may roll himself up in a blanket and rest for the night, satisfied that his beast will not be able to stray very far away before morning. In the next sketch we see the stockman *en route* for the bush. He leads a second horse, in case the first should fail him through fatigue or accident. In number four we see one of these wanderers enjoying a moment of rest, while he finds what comfort is possible, warming his feet by a blazing fire, and dividing his attention between pipe and mug.

The alligator is an ornamental sort of beast, who delights to sun himself on the banks of Australian streams. Should a rider lose his seat while crossing a ford, he is always ready to make a meal of him, human flesh being a delicacy that delights the palate of the alligator. In our picture we see one of the horsemen offering him an unaccustomed dainty in the shape of powder and ball.

Watching cattle at night is a business that can never be neglected by the stockman of Australia. Thieves, black and white, are constantly watching for an opportunity to steal the valuable animals that constitute the great riches of the colonists.

The original inhabitants of Australia were a species of blacks, who combined the physical traits of several different races. To the complexion of the African they added the straight silky hair of the Malay and the long lean limbs of the Hindoo, while their language bore a remarkable affinity to that of the North American Indian. Their numbers were small, never probably amounting to more than a hundred thousand souls. They are fearless riders, and proficient in the use of tobacco, having been introduced to both practices since the advent of the white man. In our picture we see one of them supplying a light to a traveler.



LIEUTENANT CAMERON AND SOME OF HIS AFRICAN FOLLOWERS.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON.

The grand achievement of geographical exploration performed by this courageous and skillful African traveler is already well known to our readers. He has completed the last great problem of **Livingstone** by following the course of the Lualaba, which he has found, indeed, not to belong to the Nile, but to the Congo; and he has traversed the whole breadth of the interior, from Lake Tanganyika westward to the Atlantic seacoast. The entire distance traveled by Lieutenant **Cameron** on foot is estimated at 2953 miles, and the number and accuracy of his astronomical observations, taken as they were in the most difficult circumstances, have amazed his scientific countrymen. Among other interesting discoveries he came upon a lake called Mohyra, on which were found lake-villages similar to those which existed in Switzerland in prehistoric times, reproducing conditions of life which it was supposed had perished from the earth years ago.

Lieutenant **Cameron** was born July 1, 1844. He entered the Royal Navy in August, 1857, being the first boy under fourteen years of age who passed the examination for naval cadet. He passed in the first class at every succeeding examination—for midshipman, for the intermediate position, and for sub-lieutenant; upon which last occasion he stood first class in seamanship, first class in acting gunnery, and first class in navigation. His commission as lieutenant was dated October 10, 1865. A twelvemonth afterward he was appointed first lieutenant of the gun-boat *Star*, in which he was employed, at the time of the Abyssinian expedition, in the Red Sea, surveying, buoying, and erecting light-houses. Upon another occasion, while Lieutenant **Cameron** was serving in that vessel, she went to the relief of the United States corvette *Sacramento*, wrecked off the mouth of the Godavery; and thanks were given by the Admiralty for that service, as well as by Commodore **Hillyar** and the American government. Lieutenant **Cameron** was actively employed also in boat cruising on the east coast of Africa. What he there saw of the horrors of the slave-trade mainly prompted him to undertake the leadership of the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition. It is to be hoped that one of the best results of his recent explorations in Africa will be the adoption of stringent measures to put a stop to those inhuman practices against which **Livingstone** so indignantly protested to the end of his noble life.

MOUNTING AN ELEPHANT.

The illustration on the next page will interest our readers chiefly as showing the manner in which one is obliged to climb up to his seat on the back of an elephant when one desires to take a ride upon one of these magnificent animals. In this instance, as befitted the occasion, the elephant was richly decorated, and the howdah in which the Prince of Wales was seated was highly gilt and covered with arabesque ornamentation. The Maharajah Scindia mounted the same animal, sitting on the Prince's left. General Sir **Richard Daly**, Political Agent for Central India, took the seat behind, so as to be able to interpret between the royal personages. The Maharajah, who in the sketch stands with his back to the looker-on, wore the sash of the Star of India.

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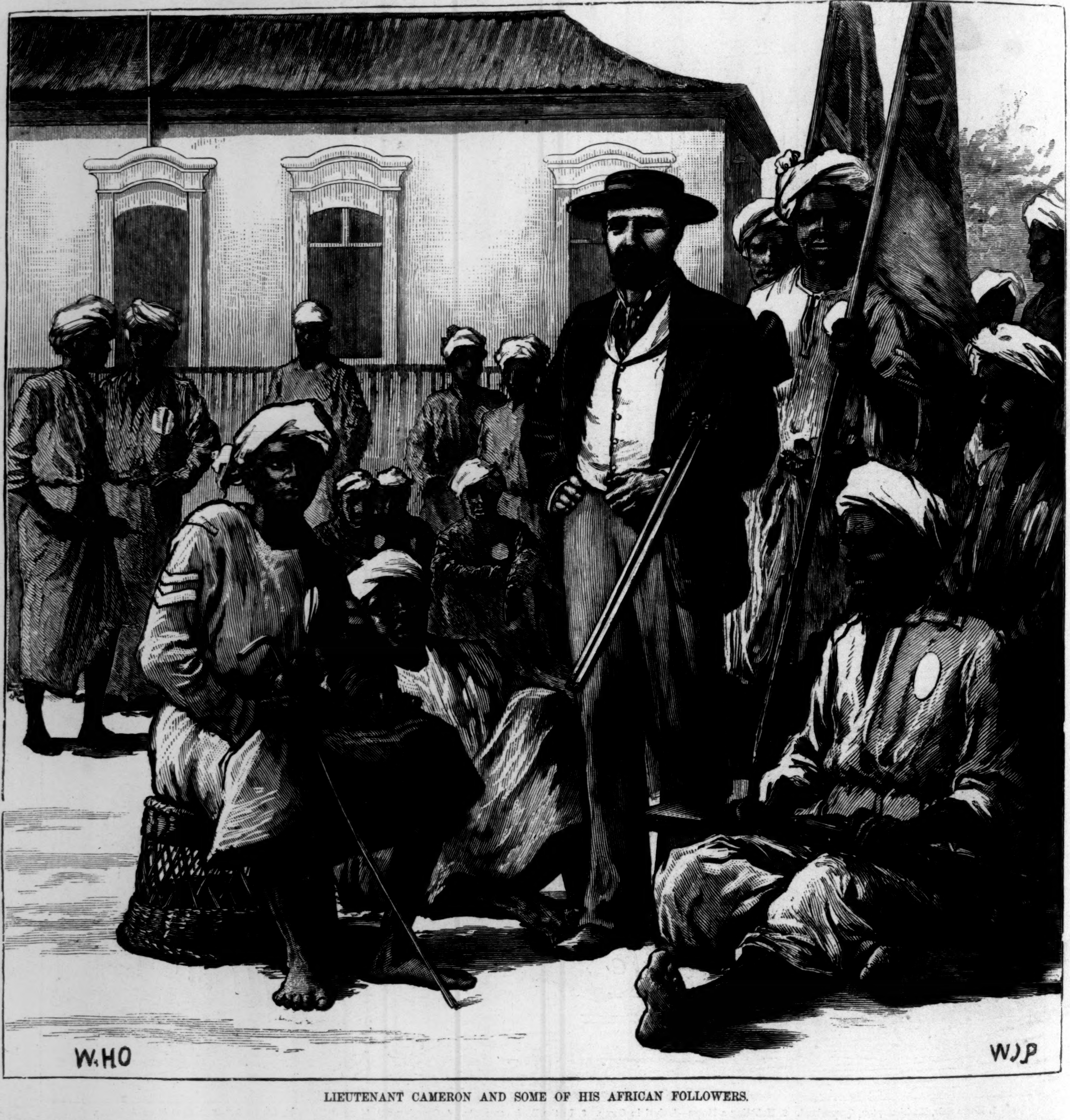

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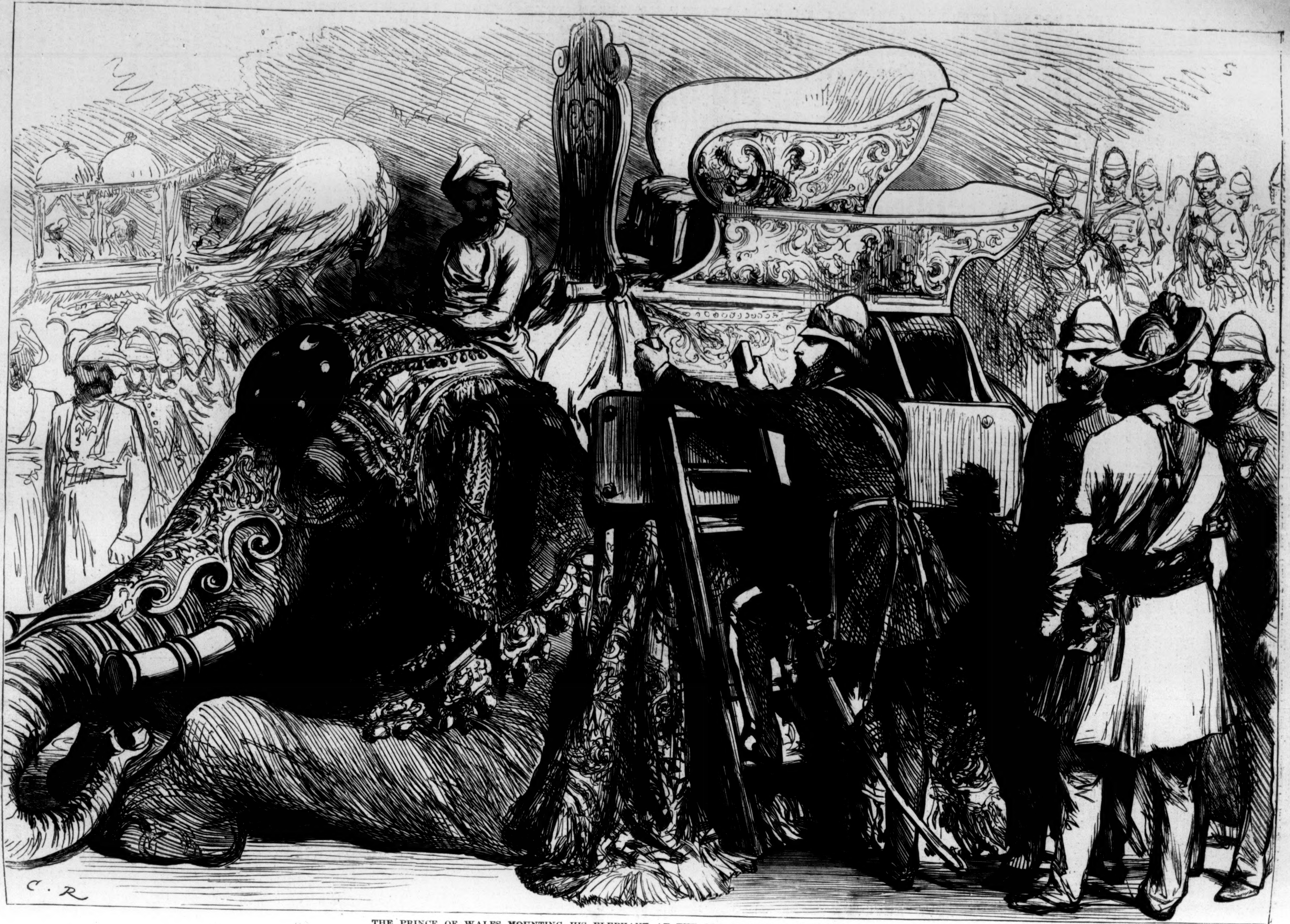

THE PRINCE OF WALES MOUNTING HIS ELEPHANT AT THE OLD PALACE OF LUSHKUR, GWALIOR.

A LOST LETTER.

WE must enter the fashionable church of a prosperous country town. On this particular Sunday, and contrary to the usual arrangement, Alice Lahnman, the contralto, and Arthur Gilbert, the tenor, sat together on one side of the organist, Mabel Strickland and Herbert Stacy, soprano and basso, on the other.

Of these four persons, Alice Lahnman and Herbert Stacy gave the usual amount of attention to their duties; and nothing save the small coquetries and whispered flatteries common to voluntary, and perhaps to other, choirs, interrupted their enjoyment of their own and their mental criticism of the others' performance.

With Miss Strickland and Mr. Gilbert all was different.

Miss Strickland probably could not have looked plain if she had tried, but she approached it as nearly to-day as Heaven had made it possible. In Arthur Gilbert a change had taken place since his entrance into the church, which could not have escaped the observation of his companions, had they not been entirely taken up with themselves. His manner then had been radiant with such a glad, bright hopefulness that it ought to have been a pleasure merely to look at him. On taking his usual seat beside Miss Strickland, he had leaned forward and spoken to her in a whisper—an ardent whisper, it would have seemed—receiving in return the frigidly spoken and very distinctly audible monosyllable "No." A hurt and hurried remonstrance had then been answered by the lady's crossing over and taking the seat usually occupied by Miss Lahnman. Since then she had not glanced toward him. Amazement sat at first alone upon his brow; but its place was soon divided with the indignation of feeling causelessly outraged. During the whole service he waged with himself a terrible warfare. To leave her to a long repentance—bitter enough he knew it would be—was the resolution constantly combated by the better determination to make at least one attempt to understand her conduct.

At last the service approached its close. The solemn benediction was pronounced over the bowed heads of the congregation. The people slowly dispersed. Miss Lahnman paused to arrange her ribbons, and to permit Mr. Stacy to join her, if such should be his pleasure. With downcast eyes Miss Strickland passed quickly down stairs, evidently desiring solitude for a companion. But after a thousand struggles with pride, Mr. Gilbert had conquered himself. He met her at the foot of the stairs, and would have walked beside her. She paused with decision.

"Do you not intend to allow me to walk with you, Mabel?" Mr. Gilbert asked, in a voice of suppressed emotion; but already he was growing angry again.

"I am much obliged, but prefer to be alone," said Miss Strickland.

"Is it true, then, that you were wounded so deeply? Is it possible, Mabel, that you have not yet forgiven me?"

"I have forgiven you so fully," replied Miss Strickland, slowly and coldly, "that I have forgotten both the offense and the offender. Be kind enough, if you please, to let me pass."

He stepped back a little, looking at her in wonder; but he spoke once more, in a voice made intense by deep feeling.

"Think one moment, Mabel. Do you realize what you are doing?"

"I quite realize that no gentleman detains a lady against her will. When it is your pleasure to allow me, I shall be glad to go on."

"And this is our farewell?"

"That has already been spoken. I hoped it had been final."

Mr. Gilbert bowed profoundly and stepped aside. Her face was an emotionless mask; but upon his, amazement, pain, and anger were plainly painted.

Before Miss Strickland reaches home a very few words will throw light upon the reason—or unreason—of her conduct to her betrothed lover.

A lover's quarrel had begun, as such quarrels usually do, about a trifle. Unhappily, in this instance, the impetuosity of the gentleman, irritated by the cold pride of the lady, had widened the breach until it had grown to formidable dimensions, each dwelling upon their own particular grievance, and each declining to take that step that hurts—the first one. But three or four days passed in this way had plainly demonstrated to each how dear was the bond with which they were trifling. Miss Strickland waited eagerly for some token of repentance; Mr. Gilbert looked anxiously and in vain for a sign that repentance would be accepted. But, after all, he knew that the initiative was his part, and, love and generosity urging him, he took it—in an unfortunate manner. Detained from church this morning, he sent to Miss Strickland a note full of love and magnanimous self-blame; a note that would have touched a very much harder heart than hers. But she never received it. Sitting in her place in the choir, before service, she saw Joe—the unhappy wight who blew the organ—coming up the steps with a note in his hand, and upon his countenance, shining with the recent application of brown soap, a look of unusual perturbation. Joe had played Mercury ere this. Miss Strickland smiled with outward encouragement and a thrill of secret joy, and held out her hand. Joe blushed underneath all his tan and freckles, became confused, and stammered something.

"Why, is it not for me?" said Miss Strickland, drawing back her hand as if she had touched a burning coal.

"No, ma'am. This 'n' ain't. This is for—for Miss Lahnman. Mr. Arthur Gilbert he sent this 'n' to her."

This was a piece of gratuitous mendacity, caused by Joe's embarrassment. The note was indeed for Miss Lahnman, for, by an unfortunate coincidence, Joe had had confided to his care a communication for each of the two ladies. He had lost the note for Miss Strickland, and having no intention of confessing the fact, jumbled up names in this peculiarly undesirable manner. Counseled by anger, Miss Strickland believed him. She saw Miss Lahnman read the note—saw her smile and blush. After that she saw very little more during the day. And Mr. Gilbert's words at the church door seemed to her no more than a gratuitous insult.

Four weeks passed after that Sunday without a word of explanation. Nor did she once see her lover. Time forgot his wings, and crept on leaden feet. Miss Strickland's face grew noticeably paler and thinner; a look of expectancy became almost habitual to her eyes and lips. The postman's ring startled her. A sudden voice, a step quicker than usual, sent a rapid flush into her cheeks, which, fading, left her paler than before. Instead of saddening, however, she was even gayer and more vivacious than was usual or perhaps even natural with her. But her health sank under the effort, despite her courage, and at length her mother, becoming alarmed, proposed a sojourn among the mountains.

So to the mountains they went. But now, weakened a little by the ill health from which all her pride could not shield her, Mabel begged for quiet—some pleasant farm-house, not the great, crowded, noisy hotel.

Money can find almost any thing, and they discovered the farm-house, the ideal farm-house, large, pleasant, beautifully situated, and containing, as their hostess told them, but three or four boarders besides themselves.

"It would be perfect," said Mabel, sinking on the couch when the landlady had left them—"it would be perfect, if there was nobody, mamma, but just you and me."

The day following their arrival Miss Strickland was too unwell to go down stairs at all; but the next evening, feeling better, she went down to tea. Mrs. Kittrell, the landlady, casually remarked that two of her boarders had walked that afternoon to the top of a hill famous for its view. Miss Strickland, she added, would find them very pleasant, lively people, and, she hoped, would like them.

"Oh, no doubt of it," said Miss Strickland, with languid politeness. "What are their names, Mrs. Kittrell?"

"The two that I have been speaking of are from your city, too. How pleasant if you should happen to know them! They are Mr. Arthur Gilbert and Miss Alice Lahnman."

There was a scarcely perceptible pause. Miss Strickland brushed something from her shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Kittrell. I know Miss Lahnman very well indeed, and have met Mr. Gilbert several times also, though so casually I can scarcely call him an acquaintance." Then the poor girl seemed to think it necessary to resume her old mask of gayety, though, save the two mentioned, there was not a soul within a hundred miles of her who could have imagined any thing of her affairs.

After tea, Miss Strickland stood a moment alone on the gallery. She noticed a narrow, grass-grown foot-path leading down the hill-side. It was quite lost from view among the trees at the bottom of the hill, and bending an attentive ear, she thought she heard the soft sound of running water. The shadows, the solitude, the beauty promised, tempted her. Drawing her shawl close around her, Miss Strickland walked down the path unnoticed, and seated herself upon a stone at the foot of a great tree. This solitude, these sweet sounds and vague forest odors, had all the delight of novelty.

"Ah, delicious!" she murmured. "Here it would be possible to be almost happy!"

She was quite wrapped in her own thoughts. And not until they were just crossing the brook did she notice the approaching figures of Mr. Gilbert and Miss Lahnman; they were then within two or three yards of her. Too late to retreat, she could only hope that they would pass without observing her.

Arthur was talking in a lowered voice, rapidly and fervently, Miss Lahnman listening with downcast eyes and attentive, interested face. Two or three phrases reached Miss Strickland's ear.

"If I have offended you," he said, in a voice of pleading, "still you can forgive me; because you know—you *must* know—that my heart belongs to you as absolutely as my soul to its Maker."

Ah me! Miss Strickland had some glaring faults, which you have perceived ere this; but her sense of honor was real, and not worn for show. Unable to move away, she lifted her fingers and stopped her ears. And never was sense of honor more unhappily obeyed than in this instance. For see how it was.

During these months Miss Lahnman's comedy had had a tragic conclusion. Mr. Stacy had left for newer charms. The coquette's heart was not much wounded, but her vanity was sorely hurt, and she was ready for any thing that would help to reinstate her good opinion of her own fascinations.

By an accident she had happened upon poor Arthur's retreat during the summer. Something she knew of the estrangement which he suffered, and more she guessed. Arthur was decidedly *a catch.* She made use of her beauty, her Madonna eyes, her aureole of hair. Arthur, like other sensible candid men, was in some respects very near a fool. He believed all her expressions and glances and timidities perfectly natural. Every day she looked prettier than the day before; the logical conclusion was, of course, that so much beauty indicated every moral excellence. Then they had been much together in happier days, and he could utter the beloved name to one who knew its wearer. All this Miss Lahnman quite approved, having no doubt heard the wise proverb respecting confidantes.

This afternoon a step had been taken which, she felt, was leagues long. Simple Arthur had told her the whole story. And just as they reached the brook, with a man's egregious egotism he even repeated the unfortunate note which he had written, and which Mabel had never received.

"'If I have offended you, still you can forgive me; because you know—you *must* know—that my heart belongs to you as absolutely as my soul to its Maker.'"

Here, as you know, Miss Strickland stopped her ears.

Arthur paused a minute. Miss Lahnman lifted her blue eyes, swimming with tender pity.

"Even *that*," he said, "did not move her. I do not blame her—Heaven bless her!—but I still must think I had done all that I could do!"

"Ah! how could she?" cried Alice Lahnman. Her white hand rested for one brief minute in mute sympathy upon his arm. Then she blushed and looked down. It is really true that some women can blush at will. And though Miss Strickland could not hear, she could see. She somehow did not or could not turn her eyes away.

"Oh, pardon me!" murmured Miss Lahnman, with confusion as natural as her blushes. "But I feel so sorry for you! If she *ever* had loved you, how could she have treated you so!"

"That is just what I say," said poor Arthur, very disconsolately—he had never said it at all, by-the-way, for he knew that she had loved him well. "I think, after all, that she may have mistaken herself. It *was* possible, was it not, Alice?"

Arthur, who had long ago worn out resentment and anger, merely wished to hear himself contradicted: a pleasure he did not enjoy. He had no weapon to match the untaught subtlety of mademoiselle, the born coquette.

They did not stop above three minutes beside the brook. When they were well out of earshot, Miss Strickland released her hearing from prison.

At this moment she did not look like a proud woman. She sank back listlessly against the tree near which she had placed herself, and covered her face with her hands; a few tears trickled through her fingers. All nerveless, her attitude spoke more eloquently than words. She knew at last that her hope had not been dead, but sleeping, for now its death-throes rent her bosom.

But effort and resolution accomplish miracles yet. The days rolled on, and autumn was past; Christmas drew near. Miss Strickland had long since returned home, and to herself; she recognized the fact that the grace and bloom of life were gone for her; and also she recognized the more important fact that life's uses and duties remained. The feverish gayety that had marked her conduct for a while was gone. In its place shone a steadier light—the cheerful acceptance of things as she found them. She went into society as much as ever; was perhaps more than ever admired there. And it is certain that her mother and herself were drawn nearer together than ever before.

In the performance of certain routine duties Miss Strickland found herself at the church the day before Christmas-eve. The ladies of St. James's took infinite pride in their Christmas decorations, and half the feminine congregation was gathered on this occasion, with a slight sprinkling of the less ornamental but perhaps more efficient sex.

Mrs. Grey, the rector's wife, was there—a little woman, chirrupy as a bird, self-important as a honey-bee queen; well liked, pretty, and full of suggestions more poetical than practical. Miss Lahnman was there, Arthur Gilbert, Herbert Stacy, Joe—the direful spring of woes unnumbered—and fifty more, with whom we have nothing to do.

"There!" said Mrs. Grey, finally, turning to the group about her. "I think, at last, that it promises to be really beautiful."

All agreed with her. There was quite a chorus of satisfaction, with some looking toward the door, for it was growing late.

"There is one thing more that must be done, however—that certainly *must* be done," said Mrs. Grey, with her usual daintily emphatic utterance. "Poor Joe's bench must be furbished up a little. The cushion must have new material. As it is, it is simply disgraceful."

"But, dear Mrs. Grey, what does it matter? It doesn't show." Thus remonstrated a practical one.

"We must not make clean only the *outside* of the cup and platter," returned Mrs. Grey, smilingly, but still feeling herself the rector's wife. "Mr. Gilbert, will you loosen the old covering for me?"

As in duty bound, Mr. Gilbert would turn upholsterer with much pleasure.

"Here is a hammer—heavy, but I think you can use it."

It strained Mrs. Grey's muscles, and, you perceive, she thought those of Hercules would have been tense beneath the weight.

Arthur, laughing, took the weighty affair, averring that he thought he could wield it by the exercise of all his strength. He went up stairs.

"Or no. Miss Strickland, pray be kind enough to take him this one. The one he has has no—I don't know the name—nothing to take out tacks with."

Miss Strickland did not seem to hear.

"I will take it, dear Mrs. Grey," said Miss Lahnman, with great obligingness.

But this little lady always preferred her own arrangements, however trivial.

"No," she answered. "I want your sweet taste about the placing of the calla lilies. You will oblige me, Miss Strickland, will you not?"

"I will take it to Mr. Gilbert, since you wish it," said Miss Strickland, not without annoyance.

"Thank you. Come, Alice my dear. Joe, come and help me lift the vases."

Miss Strickland walked up the steps very slowly. She hoped that Mr. Gilbert's task would be accomplished before she could reach the top. For, in addition to other objections, she felt her errand rather ridiculous.

But he did really experience some vexatious hinderance through lack of the proper instrument, and was swearing a little, very softly and unconsciously, under his breath, when Miss Strickland said, just beside him,

"Here is a better hammer, Mr. Gilbert. Mrs. Grey told me to bring it to you."

"Thank you," he answered, coldly. "I am much obliged to Mrs. Grey, and of course to you also, Miss Strickland."

"Not at all to me. I would not have brought it but that she insisted."

It was only about a hammer and a piece of green cloth. But so oddly is life compounded that this was the most overpowering moment of their lives. Never since that fatal Sunday had they stood one moment alone together. Never since then had either spoken one voluntary sentence to the other. I have not the art to tell all that filled their hearts as they stood silent.

For silently they did stand a moment. Miss Strickland had tried to turn and go down stairs again, but her head was a little giddy, and, raging at herself for her unnecessary agitation, she still found it would be wisdom to remain an instant where she was.

Mr. Gilbert did not glance toward her again. He was afraid to do so. She stood so near him! Her dress touched him. That meaningless contact thrilled to his very soul. He, too, called himself a fool, and invoked inaudible anathemas upon himself. But his heart was one wild pain. He took the hammer she had brought, lifted it with unnecessary force, and brought it down—upon his own fingers.

"Oh!" cried Miss Strickland. It was hardly more than a breath, but the tender monosyllable, surprised from her lips, spoke so much! She stretched out her hand instinctively, and drew it back with a painful blush.

"It is no matter," said Arthur. "It did not hurt me." And indeed he scarcely felt it.

He used the hammer once more, with better effect, loosening an odd, rough-looking piece of wood that held the faded cloth. The cloth fell down, and a little cloud of dust rose. Something rustled and fell on the floor at his feet.

"Ah!" said he, "here is an old letter. How long has it been there, I wonder? It is yellow with age." He was thankful to the letter for being there. It gave him something to say.

But it was only with dust it was yellow. Eight months had it lain there, holding its little secret against the time of disclosure. And the time had come. He glanced at the address, and saw, in his own handwriting, Mabel's name. He opened the note without speaking.

I don't suppose it ever did really happen that a man's heart stood still—until it stood still forever—or that a man's living blood ran ice. But ice and fire seemed in his veins for a moment. His look frightened Miss Strickland.

"What is it?" she said, forgetting herself.

"Do you remember," he said, in a voice that was not Arthur's voice—"do you remember the last Sunday that we sang together?"

"Yes, I remember. Oh—"

"Did you have a note from me that morning?" he asked, in the same strange voice.

"I? A note? Oh no!"

"Here is the note that I sent you that day. Will you read it now?"

What do we there? That taste of heaven—more, that taste of heaven after a black and bitter draught—belongs to them alone.

Every body down stairs forgot them, except Miss Lahnman. Fifteen minutes passed. Then Miss Lahnman, not being innately a lady, and no longer able to curb her curiosity and her jealousy, came softly up the steps.

"What an age it takes to remove a piece of cloth!" she cried, as she came up. Some of the sweetness was out of her voice. Irony and apprehension did not tune it well. "We want your opinion about the wreaths for the chancel. Was the second hammer a success?" This she added as she turned the corner and came in sight of them.

"Entirely a success," Arthur answered. "It has been worth its weight, not in gold, but in diamonds." He was sitting on Joe's bench, with somewhat such an air as if it had been an imperial throne.

Miss Strickland was replacing some hair-pins, and her face was that of the goddess of morning—celestial, rosy red.

Some time after this, Mr. Gilbert enjoyed the pleasure of an explanatory interview with the ingenuous "blower."

Without alarming his inventive powers by any reference to the lost note, he contrived to learn from that artless youth one or two facts which threw some light upon its fate.

"A while ago," said Joe, "that 'ere piece o' cloth—no sense anyhow—got loose and tripped me up a time or two. And down I came—bang! once, when Mr. Grey was a-prayin'. I didn't catch it then, I guess! Oh no! he never said a cross word in his life. He wouldn't."

But these eulogies were explained and commented upon by appropriate expressions, which left no doubt that his remarks were entirely ironical. He further stated that, in a zealous mood, he had then improved the condition of his bench by nailing the cloth fast, and by nailing over it a strip of wood to hold it down. All unconscious of the letter that had slipped from his pocket between the cloth and the cushion, he had thus locked up for a little while this key to two destinies.

Joe was surprised at the donation which rewarded this information. But still it obtained his entire approval. This was a mode of expressing approbation of his merits which he understood and appreciated.

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